THE ENGLISH REVIEW

1/- NET

NEW SERIES SEPTEMBER, 1931 No. 4.

The Contents of this number include—

Sir Ernest Benn
DEMOCRACY AND ECONOMY.

H. W. Nevinson
MARSHAL LYAUTEY.

Liam O'Flaherty
LOVERS.

Negley Farson
AN AMERICAN VIEW OF INDIA.

Christopher Dawson
THE NEW DECLINE AND FALL.

Douglas Woodruff
THE HILPE LETTERS.

H. M. Walbrook
THE SHAVIAN EPIC.

J. B. Morton
ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Book Reviews:
J. O. P. BLAND; HERBERT AGAR; HUGH KINGSMILL; J. D. GREGORY, Etc.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
INSURANCE WITH SATISFACTION

Try a spot of ESCAPE!

Leave them all behind
—worries, colds, cares,
the common round—

Escape on the Canadian Pacific

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

and relax in the beauty, colour and sunshine of warmer, brighter lands!

21 days—from 38 guineas—sails from Southampton, October 2nd—by the

"Empress of Australia"

famous and lovely cruising ship, 22,000 tons—oil burner—large Pompeiian Swimming Pool.

Limited Membership.

Apply to S. F. Powell, Cruise Department,

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

62-65 Charing Cross, London, S.W.1
103 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3,
or Local Agents Everywhere

ASHRIDGE—The Bonar Law College

Principal: Sir Reginald Hoskins, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

AN EIGHT WEEKS' RESIDENTIAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP
October 26th to December 19th, 1931

Especially designed to meet the needs of young students of both sexes who wish to make a study of the chief problems of modern citizenship. At the end of the Course, Diplomas will be awarded to those whose work has attained the requisite standard.

Special study will be given to
MODERN INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS. IMPERIAL ADMINISTRATION

The Syllabus will include lectures, tutorials, debates and essays, and time will be devoted to individual study in the Library.

The work will be supervised by an Advisory Panel, consisting of The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery; Mr. John Buchan; The Principal of Hertford College, Oxford; Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw; Mr. W. A. S. Hewins; The Rt. Hon. Sir E. Hilton Young; The Rt. Hon. Lord Eustace Percy; The Rt. Hon. Godfrey Locker-Lampson and Professor J. L. Morison.

Fee: £21 (to cover instruction, board and lodging, and full recreational facilities).

Full Particulars of Course and Lecturers from The Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts.

SCHOLARSHIPS

to the value of £5, *plus free board and tuition* during the Course and railway fares to and from the College, are being offered.

Applications for Scholarships should be made to The Secretary, Ashridge.

POPULAR SHORT COURSES ON CITIZENSHIP, ECONOMICS, POLITICAL AND IMPERIAL PROBLEMS THROUGHOUT SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER. Fees (inclusive of board, residence and recreational facilities in famous country house, £3 10s. 0d. a week).

THE FAVOURITE FABRIC FOR MEN

IN their silk-like smartness and fineness of colours, their cool, clean and comfortable texture, "LUVISCA" Shirts and Soft Collars are the most pleasing of all. Equally trim and reliable in wear are "LUVISCA" Pyjamas. You will find a good variety of both ranges in to-day's best designs at any good Stores or Outfitters.

"Luvisca" SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

IF any difficulty in obtaining, write COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 81M), 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of your nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

Look for the Regd. Tab—

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL

is coping with a financial situation unparalleled in its 213 years of voluntary work, owing to the inability of many of its generous subscribers to continue their donations during the present industrial and economic crisis.

SPECIAL HELP IS NEEDED TO TIDE OVER THIS CRISIS.

Please!

PLEASE SEND A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTION—OR BECOME A GOVERNOR OF THE HOSPITAL.

£3/3/- annually or a donation of £30 entitles the subscriber to all the privileges of GOVERNORSHIP.

Cheques should be made payable to Westminster Hospital

and sent to

K. A. WOLFE BARRY, Esq., O.B.E.
Chairman,
WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, S.W.1.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

25th Year of Publication

NEW SERIES — NO. 4

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

CONTENTS, SEPTEMBER, 1931.

Current Comments	*Douglas Jerrold*
Democracy and Economy	*Sir Ernest J. P. Benn*
The New Decline and Fall	*Christopher Dawson*
The Book of the Month: Marshal Lyautey	*H. W. Nevinson*
The Modern Jerusalem	*Walter B. Harris*
Lovers	*Liam O'Flaherty*
A Shavian Epic	*H. M. Walbrook*
An American View of India	*Negley Farson*
The Verdi Revival	*Cecil Gray*
The Hilpe Correspondence	*Douglas Woodruff*
Intellectual Nomads	*Herbert Agar*
One Thing and Another	*J. B. Morton*
Foreign Affairs	*Sir Charles Petrie*
Literary Notes	*Peter Piper*
Poems	*Geoffrey Johnson; Elizabeth Belloc*
Book Reviews; *J. O. P. Bland; Herbert Agar; Hugh Kingsmill; J. D. Gregory, etc.*	

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED AND SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 14/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE (PUBLISHERS) LIMITED
6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

ALL CLASSES OF
INSURANCE

Life Assurance by Monthly Premiums • • Personal Accident & Sickness Policies • Motor Car Insurance •

For full particulars apply to the General Manager:

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

(Incorporated A.D. 1720)

ROYAL EXCHANGE • LONDON, E.C. 3

Correspondence

The Legend of Coal into Oil

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—So little information as to the possibilities of oil from British coal h up to the present been available to the public that it is not surprising that a tota wrong idea is in danger of being spread abroad. For this reason I hope you w allow me to correct one or two misleading statements contained in the article this subject appearing in your July number. Mr. Alwyne Meade's stateme that the hydrogenation process produces not oil but petrol is a half-truth on The hydrogenation process can produce petrol, kerosense, Diesel, fuel or lub cating oil at will, and the plant in operation at Billingham has already suppli bulk samples of petrol and Diesel oil to the fighting services.

The statement that synthetic petrol is more than four times the price natural petrol is incorrect. Actually at the moment petrol could be manufactur from British coal at a cost which could, with the existing moderate protecti compete with the imported natural product and still show a profit.

Hydrogenation is, of course, entirely different from low temperature carbon zation. The two processes have no common principle. Yet the interesting poi to bear in mind is that, given a hydrogenation industry, the by-products of l temperature carbonization could readily be converted into saleable oil or petr

Yours faithfully,

(For IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITE

H. E. HODGKIN.

[In his article in our July number Mr. Alwyne Meade particularly stress the fact that in oil hydrogenation Billingham was the unknown quantity, a that so strict a silence has been preserved as to what was happening at this gr establishment that, beyond the privileged few, no one knew how far developmen had progressed. The above letter suggests that almost any synthetic petrole product can now be made at will. This is startling news and the public should given fuller information.

This, however, is not the main point. It was never contended that synthe petrol costs more than four times the price of natural (taxed) petrol in t country. Mr. Hodgkin, in fact, confirms Mr. Alwyne Meade's view that synthe petrol, with the existing tax on foreign petrol, could just about pay its wa Mr. Hodgkin, however, evades the principal point at issue, namely, that if untax English petrol takes the place of taxed foreign petrol then the British income ta payer has got to foot the bill for the loss in revenue occasioned thereby. It is n quite apparent what Mr. Hodgkin is endeavouring to demonstrate, but certainly letter proves unmistakably that no British petrol industry can remain solvent unl foreign petrol is heavily taxed or the home industry is subsidized. This was t outstanding argument advanced in the article in our July number, and we a glad to have the fact confirmed from so authoritative a source as the Techni Department of I.C.I. Ltd.—(Ed. *English Review.*)]

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1931

Current Comments

"IF our budgetary position is unsound, and if our industries, owing to the level of their costs, or for other reasons, are unable successfully to compete, as they used to do, in the markets of the world, no management of the terms and quantity of credit will be able to maintain our national prosperity."

The Gist of the Macmillan Report.

THE key to a proper understanding of the Macmillan Report lies in the quotation we have placed at the head of these Notes. It contains one of the few definite and unqualified conclusions, and is subscribed to without reservation by every member of the Committee. It is a great misfortune that the Press have directed attention not to this emphatic and unanimous finding, with its direct bearing on the practical problems before us, but to the nebulous, inconclusive and half-hearted recommendation of the majority of the Committee in favour of an effort by the Central Banks to raise the world level of prices. The answer to this recommendation, if a tentative aspiration after the obvious deserves such a description, is given in crushing form in paragraph 6 of Lord Bradbury's trenchant minority report.* It would be impertinent to paraphrase, and impossible to condense, Lord Bradbury's remarks on this matter. We accordingly quote them in full.

Lord Bradbury on the Possibility of Raising the World's Price Level.

"WHEN I come to the measures outlined for dealing with the present world crisis, I agree that a general increase of the world price level would

* Attention is also drawn to Professor T. E. Gregory's very striking Addendum to the majority report.

materially alleviate the present economic depression, and incidentally obviate the painful adjustments which will otherwise be required to bring our domestic price level into relation with that of the outside world. It seems to me, however, that the treatment of this subject in the Report is at once too sweeping and too sketchy. I cannot associate myself with such statements as that in paragraph 271 that 'a failure by the Central Banks of the world to attempt to redress the fall of prices would endanger the principles on which modern economic society is founded.' Nor do I regard it as advisable for the Committee to treat what may in fact prove to be impracticable as an 'immediate necessity.' Further, if the remedy is to be administered, those who prescribe it should at least be prepared to specify the manner and extent of its application. But the Committee (paragraph 266) 'do not consider that a high degree of precision in the definition of this (price level) is necessary or practicable.' In paragraph 277 similarly, they admit that they cannot 'give a confident answer to doubters' as to whether a restoration of the price level is in fact feasible. Again, on the cardinal question as to whether Central Banks are to attempt to counteract a fall in the price of one commodity by a general rise in other prices, the Committee (paragraph 300) 'do not think it necessary to give a dogmatic answer to such questions.' Moreover, the trouble is admittedly an international one which cannot be solved by this country alone, and it is well known that in certain other countries, particularly France, public opinion is not only unwilling to promote an increase in the price level but is determined to oppose it. The Central Banks in France and most of the continental countries have no power to undertake open market operations which will be required if any such attempt were to be made. This being the case, even if theoretically there may be much to be said for the Committee's views, they seem to have little relation to the real facts of the actual world."

A Word to the Currency Faddists.

AS an exposition of the present relations of finance and industry the Macmillan Report is valuable without qualification, and it would be an absurd assumption that the very able signatories to the Report were themselves unaware that their main conclusions were wholly unsatisfactory. What is regrettable is that they should have felt it their duty, under their terms of reference, to issue a numerically imposing list of "recommendations" which are in fact either pious aspirations or minor palliatives, instead of contenting themselves with a plain statement of the causes and the remedies for industrial depression. The curse of the age is the search for panaceas, and of all panacea hunters those who see a root-cure for industrial depression in monkeying about with the currency are the most mischievous. Whether anything but the lethal chamber will cure the state of mind which confuses money with wealth is doubtful. A man who imagines that you can stimulate trade by multiplying "purchasing power" without reference to the exchangeable value of the goods produced by the people to whom the purchasing power is distributed will believe anything. He will even believe himself to be sane.

Why the Politicians, not the Bankers, are to Blame.

WHAT the public do not yet understand, and what the Macmillan Report makes quite clear by implication (though unfortunately not by plain statement) is that the link between our industrial depression and the currency problem is political, not financial. The return to the gold standard involved a readjustment of the level of internal prices, not because of the gold standard as such, but because we decided to bring the £ back to pre-war parity with the dollar. This involved increasing the purchasing power of the £ (in other words, reducing prices) until such parity was reached. The possibility of achieving this result without a crisis depended on the

ordinary process of deflation being accompanied by the necessary falls in wages and salaries. Two propositions had to be established before it could be reasonably held that such falls of wages and salaries would take place. Firstly, there had to be a reasonable expectation that organized labour would realize that a fall in money wages would not necessarily—or even probably—involve a fall in real wages. Secondly, it had to be shown that industry, on the basis of the reduced prices which it would get for its products, could bear the burden of taxation necessary to enable the State to meet its fixed debt charge until a conversion operation became possible. The answer to the second question was, however, dependent in theory and in fact on the answer to the first. Had internal prices fallen as the result of a fall in wages and salaries (and in so far as they have fallen) the rate of interest must fall also, and high-interest-bearing securities must appreciate to the point where conversion becomes possible.

Why the Macmillan Committee are to Blame.

TO obscure this fundamental relationship between the internal price level and the essentials of national recovery by nebulous anticipations of a rise in the world price level to somewhere near our own is to do a distinct disservice. Yet that, unfortunately, is what the majority Report of the Macmillan Committee has succeeded, however unintentionally, in doing. In passing, it must be remarked that even if an organized policy of credit expansion by the Central Banks succeeded in raising the world price level, the assumption that our troubles would be on the road to solution is by no means justified. Such a rise in prices would help British exports, but it would add, *pro tanto*, to the cost of our imports, and would lead to a rise in food prices which would reduce real wages just as surely as a direct cut in the money total of our present wages to-day. If it is accepted as politically impossible to effect such a cut to-day, it

will be equally impossible to maintain present rates in the face of a rapid rise in the cost of living.

Banks cannot Create a Demand for Credit.

IN practice the extent to which prices can be raised by co-operation between the Central Banks is strictly limited. There is a confusion in the public mind on this point which the Report does not resolve. By changing the gold value of the money of account in any particular country a particular central bank can alter the nominal price level to any extent. Gold prices, however, can be raised or depressed only within the narrowest limits, and only where the necessary political conditions prevail. The determining factor is confidence, and *in practice while the banks can destroy or diminish confidence they cannot create it.* If, for instance, confidence is in the air and there is an insistent demand for credit, the Central Banks can thwart the demand by high rates of interest on advances. If, on the other hand, there is no demand for credit, cheap money will not in present circumstances create such a demand. Similarly, if for political reasons, there is a disinclination to invest money in a given country, a high bank rate, while it may retain money already invested, will not attract fresh money except on short credit. To put the matter concretely, if the present government went out of office, there would be, irrespective of the prevailing Bank rate, a demand for credit and a (possibly temporary) trade revival in this country. Similarly, if the next election in Germany resulted in a decisive defeat of the extremist parties, there would be a renewed inclination in France and America to lend money to Germany. In the absence of the requisite political conditions promising security for the investment or a prospect of employing fresh capital remuneratively, the central banks can do little or nothing.

The Condition of a Stable Currency.

IT is only a grim satisfaction which is afforded by recent events to those who, like the present writer, have

foretold, in the plainest of plain language, the inevitability of a flight from the £ if our present policies remain unchanged. It is a matter, to-day, of mere fact that the flight from the £ is in progress, that the gold standard is being maintained only by foreign help, and that the theoretic stability of sterling, as evidenced by our balance of trade, is in practice at the mercy of our political leaders who can only save the £ by reversing their own programme. The stability of a currency in terms of gold depends, in other words, not merely on the adequacy of its purchasing power in terms of the world price level, but on the expectation that this adequacy will continue. Neither in England nor in Germany does this expectation prevail to-day.* A nation which cannot by reason of social conditions (as in England) or political conditions (as in Germany) be relied on to be able to produce goods available for exchange in the world's markets at world prices is a nation doomed first to live on its savings and then to go bankrupt. That is the ultimate fact of economics, and the chief function of finance in relation to industry is so to organize its services as to make their continuance dependent on the recognition of that fact and of its implications. That is the short and sufficient defence of a fixed metallic standard.

Bimetallism.

SOME interesting correspondence has appeared in the last month in *The Times* on the subject of Bimetallism, notably from Mr. Amery, Lord Hunsdon and Sir Bernard Mallet. The main arguments in favour of bimetallism as we understand it, are two. In the first place, it can be adopted in such a manner as to counteract, over a period of years, the tendency of gold prices to fall. In the second place it would restore the purchasing power of India and China—the former country in particular being severely hit by the recent depreciation of silver.

* In this connection our readers are referred to Sir Ernest Benn's "Account Rendered," a cheap edition of which has just been published.

Only one point must be emphasized. Any change to bimetallism is a measure of inflation—controlled and legalized, but still inflation. It has substantial practical advantages for this country, since it might well enable us, without a shock to our credit, to reduce the burden of dead-weight debt without leaving a metallic standard. At the same time it would help to restore the financial position of India. Both results, however, would be only temporary, unless the causes which have threatened the credit of this country and India alike are removed. A business which is running at a loss, by drawing on hidden reserves (and the gain which would result to the British Empire from the re-monetization of silver is only a hidden, and contingent, reserve), may continue for a further period to pay a dividend; but if the process of uneconomic production continues, the end —bankruptcy—remains inevitable.

The Fallacy of Devaluation.

SIMILAR arguments apply to the revaluation of the £ in terms of gold. If the only obstacle to our industrial recovery were *that portion* of the burden on industry attributable to *that portion* of the taxation falling on it which is accounted for by our internal debt, the revaluation of the £ would (other things being equal, which they are not) be a substantial help. Actually, however, there are two other far more important obstacles to industrial recovery which are the political policy of the present Government (and to a great extent of all post-war Governments), and the resistance of organized labour in the sheltered industries to a reduction of money wages even to the level necessary to produce real wages at the rates current before the war. No revaluation of the £ will remove these objections except on the assumptions that Labour will accept a reduction in wages and in the value of the services provided by the taxpayer provided the *nominal* rate of wage and the nominal cost of the services remains the same. This assumption is wholly

unjustified. In any case we can accept without hesitation the verdict of the Macmillan Report that any devaluation of the £ would produce evils arising from loss of confidence abroad altogether outweighing any possible advantages.

The Government Facing Facts ?

SINCE there is no possibility of any early adoption of a bimetallic currency, and since the devaluation of the £ in terms of gold is ruled out, we are left with a technical problem of no small difficulty, which calls none the less for immediate attention. We have said that a drastic reduction in production costs is the indispensable condition of industrial recovery, and therefore of the rehabilitation of the £. The May Committee's Report has at last made this fact—emphasized in these Notes over so many months—clear to the country, and the City—too long indifferent to their responsibilities or too careful, perhaps, to preserve the appearance of impartiality—have made it clear to the Government. The situation to-day is that the Government are looking anxiously for some formula which will enable them to reduce expenditure while allowing them to appear before their supporters as still inveterate oppressors of the rich. The obvious way was a forced conversion, which had the disadvantage of destroying that confidence in British credit which it is essential to restore. As we write, the Government seem to be pinning their faith to a formula " equal sacrifices all round "—which has the merit of meaning nothing at all. This fact need not blind us to the existence of a very real dilemma which had best be stated quite frankly.

The Rentier and His Gains.

WHETHER we are talking of a country or a business undertaking, it is inevitable that in the first stages of a period of depression the holders of national securities or industrial debentures or mortgages will get the best of the deal. Prices fall, men are thrown out of work, yet

so long as the concern retains a cash balance from accumulated reserves or other sources, the *rentier* gets his money, and the money that he gets is actually more valuable because the general depression has increased its purchasing power. Ultimately, if nothing is done to restore productivity, the *rentier* loses his capital and becomes not the favoured party but the party most disastrously affected. The experience of Germany during the post-war currency debacle proved this conclusively, as did the experience of the *rentiers* in France and Italy. In other words, the exceptional prosperity of the *rentier* class is just as inevitable and significant a symptom of a contingent state of bankruptcy in a nation or an industrial concern as is the prosperity of the money-lender in a primitive agricultural community—for example, in Russia before the war, or in India to-day. There is only one way in which the stranglehold of the *rentier* can be loosened and that is by restoring national prosperity and improving credit to a point when you can borrow cheaply and repay him by securities bearing a lower rate of interest. Unfortunately, there are those who are asking and will continue to ask that they shall only contribute to the restoration of credit if the *rentier* contributes at the same time. How can this be done without damaging credit instead of restoring it?

How to Deal with the Rentier.

THERE are two obvious answers. The first is an appeal for voluntary conversion to a lower rate of interest; the second is a tax on the income from fixed-interest-bearing securities. Both these courses are feasible if they are undertaken in circumstances which justify them. Both alike will lead in any other circumstances to overwhelming disaster. It is of the first importance therefore for Conservatives to understand and to insist on (without any qualification) the fulfilment of the conditions necessary if any sacrifice by the *rentier* is to be useful or indeed not positively harmful.

The only Purpose of "Sacrifices."

THE problem can be quite simply stated. At present the *rentier* is taking a greater share of the national productivity than his past sacrifices entitle him to take. This means that someone else is taking less. That "someone else" is the producer. If the *rentier's* sacrifice is used to bolster the present extravagant (and, indeed, actually ruinous) rate of public expenditure, it will be useless sacrifice, hastening what would in that case be an inevitable bankruptcy. If it is used to lighten taxation on the less fortunately placed, and primarily to lighten taxation on industry, then the *rentier* will make his sacrifice in a good cause and with no ultimate loss to himself. Put it in another way. If the cry "equal sacrifice all round" is used as a blind to induce the Conservative Party to acquiesce in increased taxation, then the flight from the £ will continue and will rapidly gain momentum. Schoolboy nonsense about balancing the budget may deceive a handful of people at home, but it will deceive no one abroad. The £ can only be saved by a direct and immediate reduction in the burdens falling on industry—by a reduction of rates, a reduction in taxes, and a reduction in the cost of such essential services as transport and power. These reductions can be effected only by a reduction in the free services provided by the State to the community, by a reduction in money wages and money salaries, and by a reduction either by voluntary sacrifice or differential taxation in the dividend of the *rentier*.

How to Balance the Budget.

AN unbalanced budget is not a disease, but a symptom—a symptom of over-spending which shows itself in the failure of the revenue from taxation to expand proportionately to the expansion in the cost of the services supplied by the Government. To balance the budget by a permanent increase in expenditure would be an act of criminal folly. Above all, it would do absolutely

nothing to restore confidence abroad. Critics on the Continent and in America have their eyes fixed not on revenue but on our expenditure. Every fool knows that by one shift or another we can for a year or two raise additional revenue not merely to the tune of one but of several hundred millions. Every honest man knows that to attempt to do this would ruin the country. Let us, for goodness sake, have plain speaking on this vital fact, and no flapdoodle about " balancing the budget at all costs."

Inflation.

AS we write there is a strong rumour, deriving from a very well-informed source, that the attempt to maintain the gold standard will be definitely abandoned in the immediate future. Such rumours can be treated with reserve. The idea of subsidizing British at the expense of French and American exports in this way is wholly unsound. Even in the relatively short run, inflation must mean a curtailment of imports to balance the diminished gold value of exports, and such curtailment in practice proves always impractical within the time available. The result is inevitably a continued slide in the currency, leading to chaos. Any group of politicians who lend their support to the policy of inflation as a remedy for the present situation will deserve ill of their country, and their temporary popularity will be bought at heavy price to themselves and the country.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Democracy and Economy

By Sir Ernest J. P. Benn

IF democracy is to work perfectly, if everything is to be arranged in a useful and desirable way by thirty million electors, who not only know what is good and what they want, but also know how those objectives may be attained, then thirty million people must read the Economy Report and must understand it. A perusal of the 282 pages of this welcome volume is a bounden duty of all who regard their citizenship as a thing of value. Even as mere reading it should be a best seller. The whole of fiction contains nothing equal to this story in sensation, folly, madness, crime, reckless disregard of reality, complete indifference to consequences or shameless failure to recognize a consequence when it arrives. These will be the reflections of the reader with the economic mind. They will not occur to the more modern outlook, which is accustomed to regard failure as a species of routine and to find comfortable satisfaction in the contemplation of incompetence.

Here is the story of the Great Revolution. The storming of the Bastille or the murder of the Czar are trifling things by comparison with the change of heart of a great people who in one century gave the world all it has of economic value and in the following quarter of a century set itself to destroy the whole structure. These are strong words, and out of keeping with modern sentiment, but it does not help matters to condone or minimize fatal error. Far too many of us to-day are engaged in explaining failure, excusing laziness or smothering truth with apathy. It is better to acknowledge folly and thus engender hope.

Perhaps the greatest value of the May Report is the skill with which excitement and adjective are avoided and cold official language is thus made to tell a story with greater power and conviction. Those of us who are in danger of losing our faith in human nature are perhaps not the best of guides in such circumstances as face the

country to-day. The nation is in the invariable position of every ordinary bankrupt. The nearer the crash the stronger is the determination to believe in one's own innocence, in the fault of others and in the arrival at the last moment of some piece of luck to put the whole thing right. If a committee of psychologists would go to Carey Street they could give us a very valuable analysis of the national mind of 1931. The only real hope is deep down and hard to find. It lies in the eternal knowledge that happiness and struggle, joy and endeavour are true synonyms, from which it seems to follow that the wholesale destruction of enervating comfort which we are deliberately performing will in the end prove to be in the real interests and for the real good of future generations on whom the pains and joys of reconstruction will fall.

There are two ways of looking at the duty of a father to a son. The Victorians found satisfaction in the struggle to put the boy a step higher up the economic ladder. Sometimes the boy responded, sometimes he went to the devil. The Great Revolution consists in the discovery that a whole nation can act like the unworthy son. The other way is to leave the son to find his own salvation and, as Goldsmith puts it, to "throw him naked into the amphitheatre of life." That process equally produces unequal effects. Some boys will remain in the gutter, others will be all the better for their hardships. We have improved upon the latter method, for not only are we arranging for the nakedness of future generations, but we are leaving them to pay for our own clothes. That may be for their good. Only in far-fetched ways like this can one obtain relief from the depression caused by the spectacle of economic destruction now presented to us.

The May Report is the story of thousands of millions of pounds without a shred of personal responsibility attaching to a single shilling. In these circumstances it may be read as a great tribute to our Civil Service, for

notwithstanding this obvious and natural handicap some value has been secured for some of this money. It is in a way remarkable that any good can result from the efforts of hundreds of thousands of men and women who are free from the risk of any personal loss or inconvenience, however inefficient or incompetent they may be. From this point of view the Report is the story of the triumph of the qualities of human nature over the handicaps and stupidities of system. The Report says nothing as to the sources from which the money comes, a subject on which there might with advantage be a separate inquiry. The recommendations of the May Committee would be read with more interest if millions of electors would understand that most of the money comes out of the price of everything they buy and that we have long passed the stage when we are merely despoiling the idle rich. The divorce of public expenditure from personal responsibility is constantly being made more absolute. We are still, happily, all of us conscious of some sense of responsibility when spending somebody else's money, but these large public disbursements tend more and more to be arranged in such a way that the spender shall have the minimum of that natural consciousness. Who, for instance, is responsible for the growth of the cost of National Health Insurance from £28,368,000 in 1921 to £36,400,000 in 1930?

Here is a list of some of the Acts which arrange the matter and are mentioned in one short section of the Report. There are, of course, many more.

National Health Insurance Act, 1918.
National Health Insurance Act, 1920.
National Health Insurance Act, 1922.
National Health Insurance Act, 1924.
National Health Insurance (Cost of Medical Benefit) Act, 1924.
Widows, etc., Pensions Act, 1925.
Economy (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act, 1926.
National Health Insurance Act, 1928.

National Health Insurance (Prolongation of Insurance) Act, 1930.

Health insurance is comparatively simple by the side of the performances of the numerous overlapping authorities with powers to finance schemes for the relief of unemployment. Here are just a few of the bodies scrambling over one another to spend money on this popular and fashionable purpose :—

The Treasury
The Ministry of Labour
The Development Commission
The Board of Education
The Overseas Settlement Department
The Export Credits Guarantee Department
The Ministry of Health
The Economic Advisory Council
The Forestry Commissioners
The Public Works Loan Board
The Ministry of Transport
H.M. Office of Works
The Unemployment Grants Committee
The Ministry of Agriculture
The Overseas Trade Development Council
and 1,853 local authorities.

Every public office has some hand in the matter, most of them engaged in negotiating with the others, many of them merely obstructing, all of them occupying a large part of their time in studying and arranging official machinery. When each in turn of the innumerable schemes fails of achievement, as, of course, it always does, they can each push the responsibility on, and lose it among some of the others. Witness this paragraph, officially issued to the Press last month :

"In consequence of the passage into law on July 31 of the Agricultural Land (Utilization) Act, the Ministry of Agriculture is receiving a large number of letters from unemployed persons and others embodying applications or requests for information in regard to small holdings. In order to obviate disappointment, the Ministry state that it is necessary to explain that *a considerable time must elapse before the necessary administrative organization can be set up to deal with the acquisition and equipment of land and the investigation of the qualifications of applicants.* . . . It must be understood that

the Ministry has no holdings in hand at present and until the passage of the Act had no power to acquire any land for that purpose. . . . Although no effort will be spared to make advantageous arrangements where opportunity offers, *it cannot be anticipated that the settlement arrangements will be in full working order under from a year to eighteen months.*"

"With the fundamental immediate object of improving employment in this country no one will disagree," declares the Report on p. 95, "nor will anyone dispute that one of the most important lines of advance towards this goal is the economic development of this country; but when we find golf courses, tennis courts and swimming-baths being subsidized as economic development, when we find roads being constructed at great cost in the remoter parts of Scotland, or to meet holiday traffic on the South Coast, whereas the road needs of industry and trade lie rather in our congested urban streets; when we find grants paid to local authorities for ten years in succession for accelerating work which it was their duty to carry out if it should be done at all; when we find Government departments giving free of cost to private traders services which more progressive traders are providing for themselves; when we find schemes of land settlement or development proceeding at a cost out of all commercial relation to any results likely to be attained; when in short we see these and many other activities being pressed forward to the embarrassment of the national finances with danger of increased taxation and serious repercussions on the general economic position of the country, then, indeed, we think it is time for a careful review of the whole policy of development."

Is it not perfectly clear that however necessary may be the expenditure of public money, no shred of personal responsibility in that expenditure can ever be secured and that therefore no hope of securing adequate value for public money can in the very nature of things ever

exist? Of course, we must have roads and drains and police and education, and must therefore be content to squander our resources upon them. Let us, however, do our intelligence the justice to know what we are doing and cease to talk of economy.

It is inevitable that public expenditure, however useless, should always increase. When once Parliament is induced to take the first false step of admitting liability in some new direction, the account thus opened will rapidly grow. Pressure for increase will come from three chief directions. First of all there will be all the proper and improper and would-be beneficiaries; secondly, the new bureaucracy; and, thirdly, the Socialists, a term meaning much more than merely members of the Labour Party. This Economy Report is an indictment in the main of Liberal Social Reformers, next of those Conservatives who believe in fighting Socialism with Socialism, and, thirdly, of all the lazy rest who in a vaguely apathetic way have allowed themselves to think that after all a little more taxation, so long as it was apparently applied a step or two above their own social level, did not very much matter.

In view of the complete absence of personal responsibility from public expenditure it is not surprising to find that value and public money never go together. In private affairs value is settled by the market price and the consumer or the user has a full say in the fixing of it. An article is worth what it will fetch—that is its value. But public purchases are, from their very nature, robbed of this natural test of value. A road or a labour exchange is never for sale. There is no market in which the value can be tested. If the attempt were made to sell our educational services to the pupils, the price would be a fraction of the present cost. Thus it is obvious that public expenditure is from its nature denied the advantage of all those checks and safeguards which ordinarily apply to private expenditure. The Report is brimming over with proof of this simple, obvious and natural

limitation. Such sentences as the following are to be found on almost every page:

"If afforestation be considered as a means of settling the unemployed on the land, we would point out that an expenditure of £140 per annum is required to find full-time work for one man and that the capital cost of providing a forest worker's holding wherein he can find part-time employment to supplement his work in the forest is estimated at from £400 to £600."

Ample evidence is provided by the Report of the fact, known to all students of the matter, that when money is transferred from a private pocket to the public purse its purchasing power is at once reduced. The general realization of this difficulty would do much to curb enthusiasm for adding to the duties and responsibilities of public authorities.

The May Report is no more than an introduction to the subject with which it deals. Its omissions are numerous. No more than a mention, for instance, is made of the future trouble prepared by means of Trade Facilities and Export Credit Guarantees. No reference is included to the losses that may arise from backing such enterprises as the Royal Mail group. Nothing is said of the drain on our resources from financing exports to Russia from the taxpayer's pocket, while at the same time allowing our importers to pay cash to the Russian Government for use in other ways. English Socialist policy as applied to Russia is "heads you win, tails we lose." Almost nothing is said about the further drain on our resources by local authorities, a subject to do justice to which many volumes would be required. Even so, the Report does throw much light on the modern vice of mortgaging the future. A generation desirous of earning a character for economic rectitude would act on three simple and allied principles. In all that it did, it would aim at preserving past savings, at limiting its expenditure to its income, and at making some provision for the future. Our Victorian forbears, with all their

faults, maintained a strict adherence to these simple standards. But as the Report shows, we have transgressed in all three respects. We have squandered the savings of the past, our income this year will be £120,000,000 below our budget commitments, and in addition we are piling obligations upon generations yet unborn.

"The Ministry of Labour charge in respect only of schemes approved up to 31 March, 1931, is estimated to increase to £3,690,000 in 1932, £3,890,000 in 1933, £3,850,000 in 1934, £3,880,000 in 1935, £3,870,000 in 1936; and then gradually to decline to £2,690,000 in 1940, £1,600,000 in 1945, £640,000 in 1950, £370,000 in 1960."

The very serious nature of such a statement is emphasized when it is remembered that public estimates have a way of proving optimistic and, further, that there is no record in the public annals of a decrease in expenditure.

The Minority Report ignores argument, contorts figures, says the world is changing, and supplies ample confirmation for the worst conclusions to be drawn from the main document. It is perhaps the most useful part of this volume of exposure of political folly. In it two Socialists express almost complete disagreement with the conclusions of the majority of the committee. These gentlemen first of all ignore the facts and figures with which the Report opens. They then proceed to rehash the weary verbiage of Socialism, and when they do condescend to come down to a figure, give us perfect proof of the diabolical power of mathematics misunderstood and misapplied. One illustration will suffice. Putting the national income of 1913–14 at £2,300,000,000, and that of 1929–30 at the optimistic figure of £4,000,000,000, public expenditure is calculated by these quack statisticians at 7·4 per cent. of the national income in the former year, 18·93 per cent. in the latter. This is represented as an increase of 11·53 per cent., and further manipulation of the same kind reduces social services

to 1·41 per cent., a figure of which no doubt a great deal will be heard on Socialist platforms in the next few months.

The answer, which is that 18·93 per cent. is 255·8 per cent. higher than 7·4 is not likely to appeal to people who can argue in this way. Needless to say, the minority recommend further inquiry, more committees, "careful scrutiny and supervision," the setting up of "joint negotiating machinery," and claim that, instead of going into bankruptcy, we are only "remodelling" and "re-planning" the economic and social structure of the country. To do them justice, these two Socialists are unable to avoid the conclusion that expenditure on education is too high and that teachers' salaries must be cut by 12½ per cent.—a very striking confirmation of the conclusions of the main Report.

In the meantime we have our democracy. The Report is published, the newspapers give it a few columns to be read by those who study politics in Bank Holiday week. Then Mr. Gandhi talks of coming to Europe and there arises the question whether a bowler hat can be worn with a loin-cloth. And in the end it will all come right, just because we are so much better than our politicians.

The New Decline and Fall

By Christopher Dawson

EVER since the war, Europe has been fighting a losing battle with the forces of dissolution. The world supremacy that European civilization possessed in the last century is a thing of the past and to-day its very existence is threatened.

It is not merely that Western industry and finance have lost their old monopoly in the world market, or that the political supremacy of Europe is being challenged by the insurrection of oriental nationalism. Far more serious is the disappearance of the moral prestige of Western civilization and the denial of its spiritual and intellectual standards of value. The superiority of European culture has come to be regarded as a Victorian prejudice, and we are no longer convinced that our civilization is worth saving, even if it is still possible to save it. Faced by a situation that demands vigorous and heroic remedies, the average European intellectual seems prepared only to lie down and die.

Actually, although the material situation of Europe is difficult enough, it is far from hopeless. If Western Europe is considered as a unity, it is still the strongest, the most civilized, the richest and (with the exception of China) the most numerous society in the world. It still leads the world in science and thought and material culture. Even the United States for all their wealth and prosperity are in a very real sense dependent on the civilization of Western Europe, and if the latter were to disappear, it is at least highly doubtful whether American civilization would be able to carry on.

Unfortunately, Europe is neither spiritually nor materially united. Apart from the external feuds that divide the Western nations and the class conflict that destroys the inner unity of every European State, there is a still more profound disunity of spirit that divides the European mind against itself. The greatest enemies of Europe are the leaders of European public opinion.

Whenever a fresh attack is made by the external enemies of Europe, it is sure to find apologists and sympathizers within the camp. And these are not necessarily traitors, they are more often well-meaning enthusiasts who have no clear conception of what is at stake.

The present situation in Spain is typical. The minority of atheists and social revolutionaries whose activities are so much in evidence would not be formidable if they were not able to take advantage of the passive complicity of the leaders of public opinion who are more intent on the building of democratic castles in Spain than on preserving the foundations of social order. In the same way, if the British Empire falls, it will be due not so much to the efforts of Russian Bolsheviks and Indian Nationalists or to the competition of our economic rivals, as to the misguided idealism of our own political and intellectual leaders.

The latter, in so far as they are imbued with the current Liberal-Socialist ideology, pay very little attention to the concrete dangers that threaten Western civilization. Their energies are absorbed in denouncing capitalism and class privilege, imperialism and militarism, religious obscurantism and traditional morality; and these abstractions tend in practice to be identified with the whole existing order of European society. Hence they look with tolerance on all the forces that are in revolt against it. To them Bolshevism is a great social experiment, not perhaps wholly suited to English conditions, but, nevertheless, deserving of our general appreciation and sympathy. Oriental nationalism stands for the same ideals of liberty and social progress as Western democracy. Our economic difficulties are due not to external causes, but to the exploitation of our own capitalists. There is no need to worry about the dangers of war and revolution. All we have to do is to disarm and meet our enemies with a generous gesture of renunciation and all will be well.

To the Conservative this alliance of Liberal humani-

tarianism with the forces of destruction appears so insane that he is tempted to see in it the influence of political corruption or the sinister action of some hidden hand. It must, however, be recognized that it is no new phenomenon; in fact it has formed part of the Liberal tradition from the beginning. The movement which created the ideals of Liberal humanitarianism was also the starting point of the modern revolutionary propaganda which is equally directed against social order and traditional morality and the Christian faith.

Even the anti-imperialist propaganda of the modern oriental nationalist, which represents the history of European colonial expansion as a series of crimes against humanity, can trace its pedigree back to the Abbé Raynal; and the religious policy of Russian Communism is but the practical application of Voltaire's famous maxim—*écrasez l'Infâme.*

No doubt the worthy who looked forward to the day when " the last king should be strangled in the bowels of the last priest " would no more approve of the present order of things in Russia than did the late M. Clemenceau; but it was he and his like who first started the conflagration that is now spreading from one end of the world to the other.

But though this subversive element forms part of the original deposit of the faith of Liberalism, it has never been predominant save in the first delirious years of the French Revolution. Throughout the nineteenth century the extremists were in exile in Swiss pensions and Bloomsbury boarding-houses, and the ideals of English Parliamentary Liberalism were in the ascendant. Under the leadership of men like Bentham and the two Mills, Guizot and de Tocqueville, Cobden and Gladstone, Liberalism shed its revolutionary associations and became almost aggressively respectable. Far from being anti-religious or antinomian, it allied itself with the straitest sect of Protestant Evangelicalism. Indeed, the great social and humanitarian reforms of the nineteenth

century, at least in this country, owe even more to the influence of religion than to that of political Liberalism. As M. Halévy has pointed out, the political idealism of the French Liberals was powerless to free the slaves of the Antilles, it was the religious inspiration of Wilberforce and his friends that carried the day.

No doubt these nineteenth-century philanthropists with their moral solemnity, their religious prejudices and their personal mannerisms, appear highly ridiculous in the light of the modern Stracheyan intelligence. But for all that they did more to reduce the sum of human suffering than any body of men before or since.

They abolished the slave trade and reformed the incredible injustices of the penal code. They brought light into the dark places of the earth—the prisons and mad houses and slave barracoons. They freed the children from the mines and the factories and inaugurated the social control of the conditions of industry in an age when organized labour was still powerless to help itself.

The success of the humanitarian movement was primarily due to a working alliance between the forces of political reform and religious idealism. But it was not confined to any single group or party; it was essentially the common achievement of Western society. It appealed to every element of European culture, not only to Liberal freethinkers like Bentham and Godwin, but to orthodox Conservatives like Shaftesbury and Michael Sadler, to Wordsworth and Southey, no less than to Shelley and Lamartine, to Catholic prelates such as Ketteler and Manning, as well as to visionary enthusiasts like St. Simon and Pierre Leroux. Indeed, so universal was the acceptance of the humanitarian ideal that the average Englishman takes it for granted as something inevitable and fails to realize how recent and exceptional a phenomenon it is. After all, it is hardly more than a century since an English king abolished the use of judicial torture in Hanover, it is less than a century

since Parliament abolished slavery and introduced the first Factory Act, while the emancipation of the Russian serfs and the slaves of the American plantations only dates from the sixties of the last century.

Consequently it is still too early to judge whether the humanitarian movement of the nineteenth century represents a permanent gain or whether it is a temporary achievement like that of Greek democracy. Certainly since the war there are ominous signs of an anti-humanitarian reaction. We have seen the revival of political terrorism and religious persecution, the massacre and intimidation of minorities and the emergence of the gunman and the professional assassin. Torture seems to have become an accepted part of police methods alike in Eastern Europe and in America, while in Russia a large section of the population has been reduced to a condition hardly distinguishable from serfdom.

No doubt it may be said that this reaction is mainly confined to the outer lands which had never really assimilated the ideals of Western humanitarianism. But even in so far as this is true (for it is only partially true), it does not go to the root of the matter. The significant fact in the present situation is not that certain countries have failed to reach the higher standards of Western Europe, but that Western Europe has lost the prestige by which it was once able to impose these standards on the rest of the world.

To the modern Russians and Indians and Chinese Western Europe stands not for Liberal ideas and humane institutions, but for tyranny and cruelty.

The fantastic Russian posters and films which depict Frenchmen burning negroes at the stake and Englishmen driving coolies to work under the lash are but the most extreme instances of the anti-Western propaganda that has convinced the more backward peoples of their own moral superiority and has taught them to regard the humanitarian standards of European civilization as a mere sham.

Hence the disadvantage under which Western Europe, and most of all Great Britain, labours in their dealings with Oriental peoples. The Englishman's hands are tied by his own principles, as we see in India to-day, so that he cannot in good conscience suppress Oriental unrest by Oriental methods. But the Russian and the Oriental are fettered by no such inhibitions. They can act with all the ruthlessness of their own pre-humanitarian tradition and yet feel that they are morally superior to the Western peoples. This is strikingly exemplified in the attitude of the Russian Government in its dealings with the Kulaks. When Western critics protest against the atrocity in the wholesale "liquidation" of millions of peasants, they reply with an air of injured innocence that their behaviour is at least more humane than that of capitalist societies, which in similar circumstances would not merely "liquidate," but would "physically annihilate" their disloyal minorities. And it is quite possible that they believe what they say, since they have entirely lost sight of the real conditions of Western society in their concentration on the iniquities of that mythological Mumbo Jumbo—the capitalist system. Actually it is impossible to conceive of any Western government dealing with its unemployed as the Bolsheviks have dealt with the Kulaks, and were they to do so there would be such a universal outburst of indignation as would inevitably lead to international action and perhaps to foreign intervention.

But in the case of the Kulaks there has been no such outburst. The Socialists and the Liberal intelligentsia have shut their eyes to the vast tragedy of human suffering that is involved in the policy of "liquidation." They regard it as a necessary step towards the creation of a new order which will put an end to the exploitation of man by man.* No doubt their attitude can be

* It is, of course, necessary to understand the term "exploitation" in a Socialist or Pickwickian sense. A Western artisan, who earns high wages under good conditions of work, is always a wage slave and a victim

justified by the principle which Prince Mirski, one of the latest converts to Communism, has laid down in his recent book on Lenin, namely, that " the one standard of human behaviour is whether it contributes to or hinders the cause of Socialism." But what then is left of the humanitarian principles to which Socialism formerly appealed? If humanity can be outraged in one class simply because its existence is an obstacle to the Five Year Plan, the majority can also be treated in the same ruthless fashion when the needs of the economic system require it. We are back again in the world of Oriental ideas in which human suffering and the sacrifice of the individual personality are of no account before the impersonal and inhuman forces that govern the state and the world.

These ideals, whether represented by the old autocracy of a god-king or the new absolutism of a mass dictatorship, are in absolute contradiction to the characteristically Western ideal of a society based on moral principles, and on the rights of the human personality. And, however confident we may be of the intrinsic superiority of this ideal, we cannot be as certain of its power to prevail as were the men of the last century. Its future is bound up with the future of Western civilization, and to-day there can be little doubt that that civilization is in very grave danger. Another European war on the scale of the last one—above all a war in which Russia and Germany and Italy were ranged against France and Poland and Yugo-Slavia—would almost undoubtedly consummate the ruin of Europe. And, even if we avoid this catastrophe, there is no less danger of a gradual collapse under the increasing pressure of economic strain, anti-European propaganda and social disaffection.

If the forces of order continue to follow their present

of exploitation. But the Kulak who is deported from his village, together with his wife and children, and sent to compulsory labour in the peat bogs and forests of the far North is not being exploited; he is merely a reformed exploiter.

flaccid policy of passive resistance, the case is hopeless. Europe can be saved only by a conscious and deliberate effort on the part of all the loyal elements of society in defence of our common civilization and of the spiritual principles on which it rests.

A movement of this kind is not easy, since any pro-European policy comes into conflict at once with the forces of socialist internationalism and cosmopolitan finance, and with those of militant nationalism. Hitherto we have had Nationalism and Internationalism, but no third alternative. Socialism bases its appeal on international class consciousness—on the common interests that unite the proletariat of every land against their exploiters. The Nationalist, on the other hand, feels, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis puts it in his recent book on Hitler, " that the fact that a man is a sorter at the Post Office or a metal worker is not of such importance as that he is English, German, French or Chinese. Take a Chinese metal worker and a German metal worker, for instance. The fact that both were metal workers would not be so important as that the essential nature of one came out of all the past of China, and the essential nature of the other out of all the past of the White Northern Races."

This is true enough; unfortunately, the pure Nationalist—the Fascist or the Nazi—fails to recognize what is implied in the second part of this passage. He concentrates on the national consciousness and ignores the existence of that common culture which has made us what we are. He is prepared to let Europe go to hell, in the interests of his own political unit. And yet Europe is not a mere abstraction or a geographical expression, it is a true society; and it is only through their communion with it that the nationalities of Europe are what they are. Germany or France apart from Europe is nothing. They draw their life from their membership of the European society. And thus every great European war is of the nature either of a civil war

or a revolution, as we see in the Wars of Religion, the Wars of the Revolutionary Era, and the wars in which a particular nation—the Spain of Philip II, the France of Louis XIV, or the Germany of William II—attempts to assert its hegemony over the other members of the European State system.

The true basis of this European community is a spiritual one. Europe has been formed by Christianity in the same way that Moslem culture has been formed by Islam, or China by Confucianism. No doubt European civilization is a more complex growth, and it owes a great deal to other factors, such as the classical culture and the Renaissance, or the scientific tradition. But it is Christianity which is at once the original bond of European unity, and the source of the spiritual ideals and the moral attitude to life which have inspired our civilization.

The enemies of Europe recognize this fact more clearly than we do ourselves, and that is why Christianity is everywhere the first object of Communist attacks, and why the creation of a materialist ideology and a new moral attitude is regarded by the Russian government as essential to the success of the Communist experiment. Whatever their faults, the Communist leaders are men of principle, and this gives them an immense advantage over the Western democratic politician who has been taught to put interests—his own interests, or those of his party, or those of his state—in the place of principles. The salvation of the West depends on the reversal of this tendency—on the return to the spiritual tradition and the subordination of class and national interests to absolute principles. If this can be accomplished, the recovery of Western civilization is still possible. If not, we must resign ourselves to the victory of a lower culture and a less humane social order that can yet inspire a stronger moral conviction and a higher standard of disinterestedness than can our own.

The Wiser Heart

By Geoffrey Johnson

HE could have scorned, and brilliantly hated,
And with a cool economy of sting
Convulsed the world around him, and gyrated
Like a deft showman in a dazzling ring,
Lashing the lions of the great world's folly
Back to their dens to die of melancholy.

But, one with the brave and pitiful human column,
Hugging stray shelters left by pioneers,
Then on once more by stars unknown and solemn,
He marched and marvelled, had no time for sneers——
He left such glory to the little masters
Who make bright satires on their tribe's disasters.

Each hurrying minute haunted with insistence:
"Somewhere nobility dies, somewhere a heart
Is lifted to magnificent love, all distance
Annihilated on our mortal chart."
He saw our tragic beauty, tried to limn it,
And even while he gazed, a cloud would dim it.

He who was ever wise, and has discovered
Still deeper wisdom in abiding earth,
Roams in a light where eagles have not hovered,
In darkness cooler than where springs have birth;
He hears the belled buffoons and railers mated,
And pities, knowing how he could have hated.

Marshal Lyautey*

By H. W. Nevinson

THIS brilliant biographer here finds an entirely new subject. Hitherto, M. André Maurois has been chiefly occupied with distinguished Englishmen. He has given us fascinating studies of Shelley, Disraeli, and Byron—friendly and even affectionate, but critical and often touched with irony and enlivened by epigrammatic sentences. Here he leaves the poets and the statesmen, and draws a soldier, a man of action, a Marshal of France. He finds no place here for epigram, still less for irony. And highly as I have appreciated the author's former manner, I am inclined to welcome the change. For indeed, since Mr. Lytton Strachey started the fashion in England, I have become a little weary of his charming imitators who seem never satisfied with their own work unless they have inserted at least one epigram into every sentence.

There is nothing in Marshal Lyautey to suggest either irony or epigram, unless it is his peculiar devotion to the relics of the French royal family, and his dislike of all officials and politicians. One could make an amusing picture of him as an hereditary member of our House of Lords, with disdainful air stalking through this puddle of a world on terms of his own. Once in Paris a lady whose connection with a royal family was known only to herself, turned to me and said: "My Stuart blood boils at this Republic!" Such peculiar people do still exist for our entertainment, and enthusiasts of the White Rose League still stir the loyal heart by singing "Over the water to Chairlie!" But the Marshal, though a royalist and an aristocrat, is too serious and valuable a man to be charged with folly. He has felt the obligations of nobility too deeply. His long and active life has been spent in the high service of his country. He has even tried to serve a Parliament.

* "Marshal Lyautey." By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. (John Lane. 12s. 6d.)

We find in him an example of that attractive type—a highly educated and well-read soldier. He quotes Shelley, and after the active labours of the day he sought relaxation in a discussion upon John Stuart Mill. His life shows a happy combination of soldierly activity and high mental interests. Indeed, I can imagine nothing happier—a stirring and decisive employment, free from the brooding hesitations of the scholar, and at the same time a mind alert to beauty and thought, free from the constricting trammels of military routine. As a Frenchman he loved a touch of display—the sort of martial splendour that keeps our Foot Guards in scarlet and bearskins, equally useless and expensive. The Arabs in Morocco, we are told, liked his fine horses, his saddles covered with tigerskin, his embroidered burnouses. His sword, they were told, was not like other swords; it was carried by his grandfather, a general under Napoleon!

Born and brought up in an old family of Lorraine, he was a French aristocrat of the most distinctive type. No one could mistake him for anything but a Frenchman. In this biography there is but one sentence that puzzles me: "By birth and in virtue of his childhood and education," we are told, "he was an aristocrat, and so a pessimist." Are aristocrats pessimistic by nature and training? I must try to associate with them and discover, but I see no reason. Just now, of course, what with taxation and death-duties, they may feel a little downhearted; but up to the beginning of this century or the Great War they always looked to me jolly enough, and for the last two centuries their portraits have shown them as the very models of cheerful self-satisfaction. M. Maurois continues:—

> Lyautey had been reared on a noble but proud ideology, and could not find in an old and optimist country an employment worthy of his genius. In a wild and unhappy country he was the man of providence.

That may be natural. Certainly, some of our own aristocrats have done well in India, for instance, which

is wild and unhappy. But they were not pessimists. India gave their powers a fine opportunity, but they might have done pretty well in a country that was neither wild nor unhappy. On the next page we find another interesting point, quite comprehensible, and not specially characteristic of the aristocrat :

> One of Lyautey's sources of strength among these barbarian folk lay in the fact that for him every problem was fresh and individual. Even his weaknesses helped him. The most intelligent of his officers had not been slow to note his restless desire to please, his coquetry, his humours, his outbursts of anger followed by gentleness, his mixture of suppleness and obstinacy. And they only loved him the more for those things. A disciple is almost always grateful to a great man for being but human.

I like the account of these outbursts, whether aristocratic or not. His frequent exclamations of " Oh, heavens ! ", his amazement at civilian and political errors and intrigues are natural to the excitable and self-confident soldier. They remind one of the Duke of Wellington. But it was action that he loved. Only in action could his powers be exercised, and to him, as to us all, the exercise of powers was the highest, or the only, happiness. He possessed the supreme gift of living completely in the present moment. " His spirit admitted no degrees of greatness," and he said, " It is just as important to set a picture correctly on a wall as to set a town correctly in a country." This gift of concentrated attention he called " l'immediatité," which is translated as " immediacy," a useful word, though rather like President Harding's coining of such words as " normalcy."

This power of concentration upon the action immediately before him was displayed in his earlier services in Tonking and Madagascar, where his hero Galliéni taught him the arts of war and administration among races who had to be won over and conciliated rather than subdued. Those were the arts which distinguished his rule—on the whole a beneficent rule—over the French section of Morocco, where, as Resident General, he was omnipotent from 1912 to 1925, with

one brief exception. That exception came during the months from December, 1916. to the following May, when he yielded to the invitation of M. Briand to take the portfolio of Minister of War in Paris. He left Morocco in the care of that great soldier General Gouraud, whom we had known during the earlier part of the Dardanelles campaign. But the transference to Paris was not a success. From the first, Lyautey had detested the thought of a European war. When, in the last days of that fatal July, 1914, telegrams came telling him that war was almost certain and he should withdraw nearly all his forces from Morocco to France, he cried among his French colleagues :

> "But they're mad! They're mad! A war between Europeans is a civil war! This is the greatest piece of stupidity the world has ever contrived!"

We all know now how right he was. When the telegram "War declared" came, other officers were filled with enthusiasm at the hope of effacing Sedan and Versailles. But, as the biographer tells us, Lyautey remained grave and anxious. "To this master-builder the gigantic destruction which he already foresaw seemed criminal and, what is more, absurd." His immediate task was one of extreme difficulty and risk, for he had to hold the territory of a turbulent people with a mere skeleton of his forces. He succeeded. As he said, "I've scooped out the lobster, but I've preserved the shell." His power of conciliation, even more than his military genius, was displayed, and French Morocco remained quiet.

But his call to Paris placed him in a strange and unwelcome element. He had to deal with conferences, and he distrusted conferences, for he saw the one hope of victory in unity of command. He had to deal with politicians, and he detested politicians. He had to deal with a Parliament, and he regarded parliaments with contempt. Worst of all, as a soldier he perceived the certain failure of the "Nivelle plan" of attack—that

plan which resulted in one of the most terrible disasters of the whole war. He found it difficult to get precise information of Nivelle's intentions, but at last Nivelle, as Commander-in-Chief, sent Colonel Renouard, an admirable soldier, who had served under Lyautey in Morocco, to explain, and M. Maurois gives us a dramatic account of the interview. For a long time Renouard refused to give his own opinion. He was bound to give only Nivelle's. Lyautey urged him in vain:

> "I am not entitled to criticize my superior officer," said Renouard.
>
> Lyautey took him by the shoulders and shook him.
>
> "Come, come, my dear Georges," he said, deeply moved. "Look me in the eyes. Just fancy that you're once again my confidential officer at Aïn-Sefra, and tell me the truth—What do you think of it?"
>
> And then, for an instant, the mask dropped from the Colonel's face. Tears came into his eyes.
>
> "General," he said, "I think as you do—It is mad."

The natural result followed, and thousands of fine Frenchmen were sacrificed to the misjudgment or vanity of one man. Even before that final disaster, Lyautey, who had attended a conference in London, began a speech in the Chamber which was at once interrupted by outcries on the pretext that he was seeking to undermine the powers of Parliament. He could obtain no hearing, and that evening he resigned. He returned to Morocco, which he had made his kingdom, and which he should never have left.

After the peace, his efforts to establish good government in French Morocco were interrupted only by the rising of Abdul-Krim against the Spanish section in the Riff. Those who have witnessed one of the Riffite wars can imagine what anxiety this caused to the Marshal, whose duty it was to hold the vague frontiers of the French possessions. As usual, it was a contest between a semi-civilized and warlike people, fighting for their country and religion, against poor, half-disciplined Spanish conscripts, whose heart was not in this business

but far away in Spain. Except for Lyautey's prestige and honourable reputation among the Arabs, the whole of Morocco might have been overrun. But when the immediate danger was over, he resigned his command as Resident-General, and withdrew to his native Lorraine. As he left the shore of the country he had created and governed, he made to a Deputy the characteristic remark: "You know, Reibel, there's one thing that annoys me very much. I shan't be building any more towns." As at Casablanca and other places, his greatest delight had been in town-planning. He always strove to retain and enhance the native beauty and style of building. He was an artist as well as a soldier, and he detested the French methods of monotonous building in uniform styles. Instinctively, we are told, he had little love for the English, but in him there was something that gave back an answering chord at their contact. "Like them he had a feeling for style, the sense of caste, a liking for rather wild flights of fancy going hand in hand with a love of tradition. Revolutionary Conservatives—such are the grave English." He was early attracted by our "flowery, well-designed barracks" at Singapore. He had always striven in vain to have the same artistic service done for his French soldiers. It is a pretty and unexpected compliment to our English race. And "Revolutionary Conservatives!" That, I think, is the one epigram on which M. Maurois, master of epigram, has ventured in this grave and excellent volume. And it has the advantage of being true.

The Modern Jerusalem

By Walter B. Harris

THERE is little peace within the gates of Jerusalem. It is a city of disturbing influences, of the exploiting of faith—a hotbed of superstition, idleness, avarice, and ill-will; where Christianity is marred by unchristian rivalry; where the Moslem boy spits at the Jew boy, and the Christian boy puts out his tongue at both; where brotherly love is no doubt taught, but seldom learned; and where Envy, Hatred, and Malice walk hand-in-hand. The air breathes distrust and the very dust is permeated with suspicion. The Catholic and the long-haired Orthodox priest and the Protestant missionary look askance at one another when they meet, and keep count of each other's flocks—sheep if they are their own, but if the other's, then goats. There are exceptions, of course—people and institutions of broader views—schools and hospitals that open more widely their doors—but the atmosphere is one of acute religious tension.

At an hotel at which I stayed on my travels the servants were Chaldæans, pleasant young men from a far-away town on the Tigris. One of them—he looked after my room—had been to Jerusalem. On my questioning him on his impressions of his stay there he said, "Tell me, Sir, why do the Christians all quarrel? Have we not all the same dear Jesus Christ?"

It were best to go home to your desert city, young Chaldæan, and ask no more questions lest one of these days you lose your simple faith and find yourself discussing the reservation of the Sacrament at a Lambeth Convocation. Keep and cherish your "dear Jesus Christ," for many will strive to take Him from you, leaving you a graven image in His stead.

"Have we not all the same dear Jesus Christ?" I fear not. We have many Christs! a multitude of Christs, fashioned with our own hands, wearing the liveries of a score of Churches, and obedient to Brother This or to my

Lord the Bishop of That. Some day we may all have the same dear Jesus Christ, as it was at the beginning. It will be the rebirth of our Faith, the return to Christianity.

It is difficult to say why Palestine stirs so little religious emotion, for there are not many countries that have preserved the setting of the past as has the Holy Land. There are by-ways in Jerusalem to-day, raised on the ruins of still earlier by-ways, that must resemble those of the city of the Temple, while the country round, except that its aspect has been marred by the construction of modern churches and modern monasteries, has changed but little. But the Philistines of our days—more devastating than those of Old Testament times—have wrought havoc with much of the city and its outskirts. Their handiwork is manifest on all sides. Rows of modern shops and houses reach right up to the town walls and to the Gate of David. Religious and scholastic buildings block the views and conceal the relics of the past. There are churches that are eyesores. Amongst what the present generation had added to Jerusalem I could find not one redeeming architectural feature. At long last a society has been formed to try and save what is left, but it has come almost too late.

In the narrow streets what remains of the past is rather the past of the Crusaders' days than those of the Old and New Testaments. Yet the population can have changed but little in their dress and appearance since Rome ruled in the city. The Arabs, the Jews, and the nondescript people that have their origin in the mixing of races are all much as they were then. There are still corners and alley-ways where modernity has failed to penetrate and where atrocities of modern religious architecture are not found, but even in such secluded and unspoiled places it is difficult to experience the emotion that the environment ought to stir. It may be that this is owing to the hostility of the diverse faiths and sects that congregate in Jerusalem, and to the disturbed and disturbing atmosphere that they have created. Deep as

may be individual reverence, the collective rivalry of creed seems never absent. There is no site and scarcely a building in Jerusalem that awakens a sensation of peace or serenity. The traveller's concentration of thought is disturbed at every moment. He meets on every hand the commercialization of faith and its extortions, often petty enough, but always annoying. His mental quiet is upset by the lack of authenticity for much that he is asked to believe. The identification of the sites is far too often based upon mere tradition, accepted by the credulous in the Middle Ages and handed down as fact. Few places have an origin founded on serious investigation or research. At the best they are "Miraculous disclosures" or "Divine discoveries." There is, too, an ever-present intent to work upon the credulity of the stranger, with pourings-out of trivial or irrelevant detail mixed with ridiculous superstition. The oily voice, the extended palm, irritate the traveller. The endeavour of the guides to impress him with their infallible knowledge—and it must be allowed nothing is beyond them, even the remotest incidents in the Chronicles of the Kings; the authority with which they point out as the tombs of Old Testament celebrities constructions which from their very character must date from entirely different periods; the unctuous certainty with which they label every cave and every well in Palestine with a Biblical story—all tend to create a feeling of tension and distrust. It may be that the traveller's own ignorance may add a little to his discomfiture. "You remember, Sir, of course, how Gedaliah . . . ?" "You will not have forgotten, Sir, what Ahimaaz said . . . ?" "It must be fresh in your memory, lady, what Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, did on a snowy day . . . ?" Then there is also the smallness and the nearness of it all—the Mount of Olives, the Brook Kedron, the City of David! In Palestine the sites almost overlap.

There are buildings in the world, and sites from visiting which the traveller returns, tired perhaps, but

with a peaceful and calm mind, his soul at rest; but they are few and far between in Jerusalem. Everywhere there is something which jars—and at times jars painfully.

The first time I entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre I was, of course, beset by guides, who insinuated that they did not want money; they merely wanted to have the pleasure of showing me the Holy Places. "Come, Sir, this way," and they all pointed in different directions. I needed no guide; I only wanted to be alone, to rest and to meditate, but it was impossible to shake them off. They plucked at my sleeve and smiled and bowed and refused to be dismissed. Suddenly a welcome Boy Scout broke in amongst them, a tall youth in all the display of his Scout's kit. "Pay no attention," he said in quite excellent English, "to these annoying guides. I myself will look after you. I do not ask for payment. This is my daily good act. Will you allow me to do my *penance* this morning by showing you round?" There was something very pleasantly frank about his manner, his appearance and his statement, though it struck me that the word penance was a little tactless. To tell the truth I rather fancied myself as an "intelligent tourist," but this young man put me in my place. To him at least I was a penance. The thought was disturbing. Was I always a penance to the people who were kind to me? He proved an excellent guide, and let me sit alone in the gloom of the great church unmolested either by himself or by others. Good, honest lad, he asked for and received a generous reward, and I left him on the point of doing a second "penance" with a troop of rich-looking American ladies. Never was there a more conscientious Boy Scout—his good acts were as numerous as were the parties of tourists, and his rewards, I hope, profuse. He deserved them. Bright boy, that Scout!

In that strange city that is Jerusalem many of the most sacred places are in the possession, or custody, of

authorities of other creeds. The site of the temple of Solomon and the church of Justinian are to-day occupied by mosques. The ground on which the Wailing Wall of the Jews is situated is also Moslem property. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was in the custody of the Turks until they left Palestine. Moslems possess the rock on the Mount of Olives from which Christ is reputed to have ascended into heaven. At this spot a body of worthy Mohammedans, polite and avaricious, exploit the traveller with a barefaced skill and courtesy surpassing that of his own co-religionists elsewhere in Jerusalem. Having paid a few piastres to gain admittance, the friendly recipient informed me that he was only the gatekeeper, and introduced me to his brother, who was the real guide. He turned out, however, to be the guide only to the view of Jerusalem from the roof of an adjacent building, and on his bidding me adieu he took his tip and led me into a small mosque and presented me to his eldest brother, whom he described as a "Sheikh," who, he informed me, would be pleased to show me the Rock of the Ascension, in an adjoining enclosure. This the Sheikh was unfortunately unable to do, as he was not only bedridden, but blind as well, so after having asked for and received a little gift of charity he sent for the youngest brother of the family, who, as the "only authorized" keeper of the sacred building, demanded a legal fee of five piastres. He deprecated the extortion of the other members of his family and at the same time explained that the five piastres he was charging, being the *legal* sum, he was naturally entitled to an additional tip for himself. Good neighbourly ruffians one and all, and if Providence had created them proprietors or lessees of the Rock of the Ascension—of most improbable authenticity—why not exploit it? The good Syrian Christian chauffeur of my taxi who had accompanied me was unutterably shocked at so much good money—in reality the total sum was small enough—falling into the hands of unregenerate Moslems that he was forced to protest. "All this extor-

tion," he cried, " has delayed us so long that I shall have to add ten piastres to my fare." After all, Jerusalem has little to live upon except its sanctity, and that is only remunerative in the tourist season.

In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself the traveller is faced on all sides by evidences of dissension and strife. Immediately inside the principal entrance he is shown the Stone of Unction, a much disparted possession amongst the Christian Churches. It does not even pretend to be the original stone, nor is it on the spot where the original stone was reputed to be. It is a comparatively modern innovation. To-day it is in the possession of the Latin Church, but by a conciliatory arrangement the Coptic, the Greek, and the Armenian churches are permitted to light lamps in its vicinity! An archway on the left gives entrance to the Rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre, a gloomy, half-lit circular building of considerable size, but of no particular architectural features, though in its grim simplicity it is not lacking in dignity. It is beneath the dome that the Sepulchre itself is situated, a small construction of marble, entered by a low and narrow doorway. This building consists of two chambers, the first known as the Angels' Chapel, which is lit by fifteen lamps—five Orthodox, five Latin, four Armenian, and one Coptic—a participation said to have been arrived at after much dissension and unchristian cavilling. A second small doorway gives access to the Sepulchre itself —a chamber only 6½ ft. long and 6 ft. wide. A priest, a strange, dark figure in the gloom, keeps watch, for although forty-three lamps are burned in this small space there is little light. To each pilgrim he hands a wax taper, and from each he takes a fee.

The rest of the group of churches which surround the Sepulchre are reached by dark colonnades, by the ascent and descent of stairways, by tunnels and arcades, in alternate light and darkness—all full of tradition and dust and of evidences of inter-Christian strife, for even the standing room on the floor is divided into square

feet and square inches between the rival sects. The sacred edifice has been at times the scene of turmoil and bloodshed.

Superstition reigns supreme, the most flagrant example being the origin of the Holy Fire, when at Easter the orthodox Patriarch and an Armenian bishop, alone in the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, certify the miraculous lighting of the altar candles, and hand out, through two apertures in the wall, the blessed flame from which the pilgrims light their tapers. Such reverence, such emotion as this holy spot—for even if the authenticity of the site has not been proved, the worship of centuries should have sanctified it—awakes in the traveller is marred by the manifold regrets that he must experience. Everywhere in this sanctuary, which represents perhaps the most pathetic incident of Christian history—the mystery of His life and death—exists the evidence of enmity and disruption. The very atmosphere seems charged, and calm and peaceful worship is disturbed and hindered by a current of inexplicable but very real unrest. Yet the outward scene is one that should encourage meditation, especially at eventide, when the garish details, and the dust and the tawdriness of the Catholicon, with its medieval frescoes, its bishops' thrones, its carved and gilded screen, and its many ikons, are half-lost in a gloom that is only broken by the tiny quivering flames of the lamps. Few pilgrims there are at that hour. A black-robed Orthodox priest passes slowly beneath a colonnade. A small group of devout women kneel in prayer at the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre. A tired old man, grey-bearded and bent, rests upon a wide stone seat, and at his feet two small children sleep. A nun, a lighted taper in her hand, steals along the floor of the Rotunda and disappears into the shadows. The guides are gone, and with the quiet and calm of evening the spirit of faith returns. Often a little weary with long walks in the heat of the afternoon sun, I sought in these surroundings an hour of rest.

How all has changed since they brought His crucified body here on the evening of that day that has meant so much to the world! I wondered, as I sat there, would He ask what it all meant—these churches, these creeds, these altars, and these priests—the jealousy and the devotion, the holiness and the hypocrisy, belief and superstition. I wonder!

With the exception of those evening hours spent in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Christian Jerusalem left me untouched. The Via Dolorosa, an invention of more than the usual barefaced imposture — for the original streets of Jerusalem were far below the level of the city of to-day—with its inscriptions, and its shops that sell mementoes of Philistine ugliness—is merely a device of priestcraft. There are a few churches of interest, but lacking in the atmosphere of religion just as they are devoid of artistic quality. The Garden of Gethsemane, laid out rather like a little tea-garden, with nothing old about it except its olive trees, only tempted me to shorten my visit and not to return; nor did the Mount of Olives call for more than one motor-drive along its well-made roads, amongst the fantastic ugliness of its churches and its monasteries.

(*To be continued.*)

Lovers

By Liam O'Flaherty

IT was extremely hot. Old Michael Doyle had been to the shop to get an ounce of tobacco. Now he found it difficult to make his way home. Leaning heavily on his stick, he walked slowly along under the shelter of a high wall that lined the road.

"I'm sorry now," he grumbled, "I didn't send one of the youngsters to fetch it."

About a minute later he halted, straightened himself, and added:

"But they might have kept the money. Aw! 't's terrible the way I'm treated in what used to be my own house. Aw! I had better sit down and have a smoke. God Almighty! Isn't it hot?"

He was seventy-seven years old. He had once been a man of great size, but now he was huddled together, an ungainly heap, as if all his limbs had been broken and disjointed and then stitched haphazard. His nose was a lump, his lower lip had drawn together in a bun, and his bleary eyes, through constant running, had made drains down his cheeks. His clothes were patched in an astonishing way. They did not fit, and had obviously been cast off by his son and grandchildren. One of his grandsons was thirty years of age.

With great difficulty he sat down under the shelter of the wall. When he stretched out his legs and crossed his feet, the shadow of the wall reached half-way down his thighs. That was good. The upper part of his body was quite cool, and he sighed with content.

"Aye!" he said. "It's a mortal terror how strength leaves a person."

He fumbled in his pocket for his pipe. It had got entangled in his handkerchief, so that came out too, and with it everything that was in that pocket. He dropped the handkerchief beside him on the grass that grew under the wall. Then he got his knife out of the other pocket of his waistcoat. He spent more than two minutes

trying to open it, and finally succeeded in doing so, by placing the edge of the blade against the sharp corner of a stone in the wall.

"Hoick!" he said with pleasure. "I'm not dead yet. Wasn't that clever now?"

Then he began to clean the bowl of his pipe. He blew through the stem. It whistled. It was clear. Putting the pipe down beside him on the grass he searched in his pockets for the ounce of tobacco he had just bought. It was nowhere to be found. He took off his hat and looked into the crown, without success, even though he fumbled under the band and pawed all over. He opened his waistcoat and then his shirt. He searched about his chest. The tobacco was nowhere. Then he got excited and began to get to his feet, crying angrily:

"That robber didn't give it to me. She took money and kept the tobacco." As he was getting up, he put his hand on the handkerchief he had dropped. There was a hard lump under it. He cried: "Ha! Here it is. Who'd ever think of it?"

So he settled himself down again, but in the effort to do so he dislodged the tobacco and he sat on it. When he examined the handkerchief there was nothing in it.

"Oh! Well!" he said. "There's devilry in this."

He began to scratch his head and then again set about looking for the tobacco, prodding the grass with his stick and clawing with his hands.

An old woman called Mary Kane, passing in the opposite direction, halted to watch him. She was seventy years old, but quite brisk. Her face was withered, like an old apple, but she still retained all her faculties. She wore boots with very high heels. It was obvious that she had once very beautiful legs and her carriage was that of a woman who was once beautiful. She wore a cashmere shawl that trailed down her back, almost to the ground, in a triangle, with the apex at her heels. In spite of the heat, she wore the shawl right out over her head, almost hiding her face.

She halted in front of the old man and then, recognizing him, she threw back her shawl and made a dramatic gesture with her arms.

"Bless my soul!" she said. "If it isn't Michael Doyle. Ah! Musha, how are you, brother?"

The old man looked up slowly, shaded his eyes, and said:

"God and Mary to you. What village are you from?"

"Arrah! Don't you know me?" she said.

"Pooh!" said the old man. "I don't know a person these days. They do be making fun of me. What village did you say?"

"D'ye mean to say ye don't know Mary Kane?"

"Oho!" said the old man. "Is that who you are? Well now! And how is everybody belonging to you?"

"Aren't you the artful creature?" she said. "Don't you know well I live alone and that I have nobody belonging to me, God help us?"

"Oho!" said the old man. "'Faith, I don't know you at all."

"Oh!" said the old woman, throwing out her arms. "Isn't he artful? And what are you looking for, may I ask?"

"Eh? What would I be looking for?"

"I saw you pawing about on the grass."

"Begow, strangers are curious. And what would you be watching me for?"

"You're a sour old devil, Michael Doyle."

"Why wouldn't I be sour when I just lost my tobacco?"

"Haw!" she said, jamming her arms against her hips and shaking herself with violence. "Sure I knew you had lost something, and that you were pawing about for it, like a newborn infant, God help you; it's back you're going to the cradle, you that were the pride of the parish."

"Begob," he said, "whoever you are, you have the gift of the gab. But it's strange anyways. A minute

ago I had it in me hand. And now the devil has swallowed it."

"Let me search," she said.

"Search away," he said. "You won't find a grain of it."

The old woman peered about sharply on the grass.

"What's this?" she said, picking up a button. "Did it fall off your waistcoat?"

He peered at it.

"It's a button," he said. "I found it and I'm keeping it for a young fellow. They like buttons. I do keep buttons and give them to the children. Then they go messages for me. It's cheaper that way than pennies."

"It's nowhere to be seen," she said. "I declare to God, but I bet you're sitting on it. Move your old bones."

She pushed him aside and found the tobacco, half buried in the grass. She held it up before his eyes in triumph. He grabbed it from her without a word of thanks. Having found his knife he began to pare off some of the tobacco into the palm of his hand. She sat down beside him on her heels. He paid no attention to her, but began to fill his pipe. She watched him closely, with her lips drawn back from her teeth and her eyes narrowed, after the manner of people who are in the habit of looking long distances out to sea. Then she said:

"Now tell me on your soul, Michael, don't you know me?"

He looked at her sourly and said:

"Begob, you're a great woman for arguing, so you are."

"I declare he doesn't know me," she said plaintively. "Oh! Isn't this life cruel? It's five years since I saw you last, Michael, and you knew me then, although you passed me by with a sour nod of salutation, same as you always did since my marriage. Even the misfortunes that I suffered didn't soften you. And now

your memory has gone completely. Like grass in a flooded field it's buried under the weight of years. Ah! Sure it breaks my heart to see you so, all withered like a rooted bush. And I that can remember the day when you had golden curls on your head and your eyes glittered like the sea with the sun full on it. Aye! Death should come young to the unfortunate. They are foolish who weep over a young corpse. For it's an unholy sight you are, all crippled and not knowing me."

Unheeding, the old man cracked a match and put it to his pipe and sucked, making a great noise each time his hollowed cheeks expanded. Smoke belched from the pipe. When it was well lit he hurled away the match, spat and wiped his mouth on his sleeve. All his movements were uncomely. Yet the old woman watched him with a queer longing in her faded eyes.

"This is queer talk you have, woman," he said gloomily. "Who are you anyway? You're from a strange village, I'm thinking."

The old woman drew her shawl about her head once more and sniffed. She put a corner of her apron to her eyes. Taking his pipe out of his mouth, the old man looked at her closely. Then he spat, mumbled something and pulled his hat farther down over his eyes. The old woman began to rock gently.

"Not like you," she said, "my memory gets sharper with old age. Like a sick nerve it stabs me when I'm least expecting and then I go dreaming sadly through the years. Sure the first day I set eyes on you is as plain to me as the wall's black shadow on the road there. I was milking the cows when you came by on a horse in the evening. You blessed me and I looked up and then you stopped your horse and we began to talk, and I gave you warm milk to drink out of the can. Musha! There and then I belonged to you. Don't you remember that evening?"

"Oho!" said the old man. "What evening are you talking about?"

"Musha, don't you remember how we used to meet on the hill above my father's house, how I used to run up the little road after nightfall and you used to be waiting for me?"

"Pooh!" said the old man. "The devil a bit o' me remembers anything o' the kind. There now. Sure I hardly ever stir out of the house. Me waiting for ye!"

"Sure it's not to-day or yesterday I'm talking about," she said, "but this fifty-four years ago. I remember it well. I was sixteen and you were just turned twenty-three. Poor man, it's all the drinking and fighting you did that brought you to this crippled state."

"Arrah! Be easy with you," he said. "What drinking did I do? A few pints now and again. An odd glass of whisky."

"God forgive you," she said. "You were four times in jail, not to mention the time you came with your relations and stole me out of the house with a strong hand, and you gave Ned Kane such a beating with a stick that he spent three months in hospital and you got six months in jail for it."

"Who? Me?" he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking at her intently. "Me in jail? What for?"

"For nearly killing Ned Kane with a stock that night you took me."

The old man's face suddenly lit with a gleam of memory. He opened his mouth and then brought his right hand down heavily on his knee.

"Aw!" he said, with great emphasis. "Ned Kane. I remember the dirty scoundrel. Hah! Musha, the devil take him. If I hit him he deserved it. A dirty scoundrel from head to foot. Begob then, I did beat him and I beat him well."

He groped for his stick, clutched it, and said excitedly:

"By my soul! I don't care who's listening, but I'll say this much: There was a day when I could beat with

my bare hands any man in this parish that ever sucked at his mother's breasts."

"But don't you remember the night you came to the house?"

"Eh?" said the old man.

He scratched his head and still looked at her intently with his rheumy eyes. But his face gradually grew vacant and he said:

"Well, now ye drove it all out of my head again with your talk. Ech! I get dizzy with this heat. They do be making fun of me about it. I put down my hat and I declare to God I can't find it a minute after."

"Ah! God help you, poor man," she said wearily. "But sure it's me that is to be pitied more. Maybe if I had you in our youth it wouldn't be. There'd be the care of children to soften the falling years. There it is. Every bit of it is plain to me, alive like a blister. You came then with your uncle and two men from your village to ask for me, and my father gave you the door. 'Is it to a drunkard that hasn't a shirt to his back I'd give my daughter?' said he. We had four cows then, and we were rich, and it was well known that I had thirty acres of land and the stock and two hundred gold sovereigns for my portion. That's how it was. It was to Ned Kane he wanted to give me, and it was Ned I married in spite of everything."

"Tare an' ouns," said the old man crossly. "My pipe is gone out."

"Let it be," she said, "and listen to me. Though you don't remember, or pretend you don't, whichever it is, I'll tell you the truth now, for it's my first opportunity in all these years. When they wanted to marry me to Kane, I came and told you, and you said you'd take me, if the devil was sitting on my bed counter. So there it was. Ned Kane came with his people, and they were in the house making the match, when all of a sudden there was a clatter of horses outside, and you called out. It was dead of night. 'Come out, Ned Kane,' says you,

'or faith you'll come out a corpse.' Your uncle, Peter Timoney, was with you and Simon Grealish and Hugh Rody and more men, too. Then you burst in the door and laid out whatever was there. Such shouting was never heard before or after. Then you barged into the room where I was with my mother and the women. My mother marked you with a tongs, but nothing could stop you that night. And glad enough I was to go, too. Then you took me away behind you on the horse, but sure when the priest was awakened at the dawn, he refused to marry us. Then the police came and we, hiding at your uncle's house, and every man was arrested. Back I was brought. Oh! That was the night. And d'ye mean to tell me, Michael Doyle, that you don't remember it?"

The old man paused, with a lighted match to the bowl of his pipe. He looked up at her and then, without speaking, he drew at the pipe, lit it, and threw away the match.

"People do have great talk of the fighting I done," he said. "They're always casting it in my face. But I daresay I was no worse than others."

He began to grumble while the old woman continued her story.

"You went to jail then," she said, "and when Kane came out of hospital we were married. What could I do? Sure I had no hand or part in it. I'd have gone with you anywhere. I used to cry my eyes out then, but there was nothing to be done. And, God forgive you, it was me you blamed for it. It's been a long and lonely life of misery I had, with Kane drinking and routing whatever there was, all he could lay his hands on, until he died of sickness. Not a child blessed my hearth, and hardly a relation is left to me now. And that's the way it is. Nor you left to me either; nothing only a sad, sad memory of a love that was strangled in its cradle."

She sobbed and rocked herself, with her shawl far

out over her eyes. The old man moved about restlessly, looking at her from time to time, mumbling to himself. At last he said :

" Poor woman, you have your sorrow."

" Aye," she said. " It's a load I carry with me always. This talking has made it heavier. I wish I passed you by."

She got to her feet, shook herself and straightened out her shawl. She dried her eyes with her apron. Then she threw back her shawl and looked at him. Her eyes were red and her lips twitched.

" Won't you say a gentle word to me," she said, " before I go my road ? "

He looked up at her stupidly.

" God bless you ! " he said.

" And you, Michael," she answered. " May you rest in peace ! "

She turned and walked away, her shawl in a triangle, her high heels tipping the road sharply. He looked after her, pulling slowly at his pipe.

His withered countenance seemed to have lost all traces of human consciousness. It was ape-like. His rheumy eyes, wrinkled like those of a gorilla, had no light in them.

" Pooh ! " he said after a while. " What was that poor woman saying ? "

He sat with his mouth wide open for another few minutes, as if trying to remember something. But his mind was a complete blank. Then he struggled to his feet and trudged homewards, walking on the grass by the wall in the shadow.

The Shavian Epic

By H. M. Walbrook

TWO curious events have lately happened in connection with Mr. Bernard Shaw. An edition, in thirty volumes, of his collected writings, from his novels upwards, has been announced at the price of £31 10s. a set, and practically sold out before issue, and an "omnibus book" containing a complete edition of his plays in over 1,100 large pages has, at 12s. 6d. (net), apparently enjoyed all the prosperity of a "best seller." Seldom, surely, has been seen a more striking proof of the worldly wisdom of courting unpopularity. If there is one thing more than another which, by some mysterious force of his being, Mr. Shaw has seemed most furiously to detest and despise, it is what his old hero, Ibsen, once called the "compact majority." During the fifty years or so in which, as a journalist and platform orator, he has been addressing England there has hardly been a native sentiment of any notable breadth or depth upon which he has not poured his derision. A wave of any sort of public opinion had only to manifest itself, and forth came his flaming *Vox Populi, Vox Diaboli*, like the blast from a dragon's jaws. Public mourning brought forth his joke, public rejoicing his mockery, public anxiety his gayest two-step. And now, when, as the most juvenile of septuagenarians, he issues his works at prices calculated to suit all pockets, forth rush the people of whom he has made such fun, cheque-book in hand, and pay him the most "practical" tribute the human mind can conceive.

A complete history of his kink for flouting the majority would really make one of the oddest of stories. One notable instance of it was the manner in which his attitude varied toward the Great War. At the time of England's entry into the struggle a compact majority of Socialists and Radicals were in favour of British neutrality, an attitude which had been warmly commended in their leading morning newspaper, the *Daily*

News. Accordingly, in an article contributed to that journal, and which appeared in its issue dated August 11, 1914, Mr. Shaw, as a Socialist, gaily argued that Germany's head had to be punched. Here are some of his words:

> We had to take off our coat and sail in. We had to show that when it comes to a balance of the Powers we are no mere dummy weights in the scale. And, since Sir Edward Grey had written our names on the back of his bill to France, we had to see that it was paid to the uttermost farthing, and with the handsomest interest possible. Our immediate interest, therefore, is to fight as hard as we can——

sentences which (illustrated with the usual photograph) must have been, as Hamlet remarks, "miching mallecho" to the majority of the author's political admirers.

Three months later, when practically all our Radicals and Socialists had "sailed in" and made common cause with the Government and the rest of the nation, he wrote an essay which was published as a Supplement to the *New Statesman*, on November 14, 1914, headed "Common Sense about the War." In the course of this long and ingenious composition he described Sir Edward Grey as "a junker from his topmost hair to the tip of his toes," blamed England for the pre-war anti-German feeling in this country, made great fun of Lord Roberts's many warnings against the Prussian menace, remarked that the world regarded Mr. Pecksniff as "a typical Englishman," and added that there was "something in it," and generally did his best to make the popular view of this country's "cause" in the struggle look as hypocritical as possible. In each of these cases he took up arms against a "compact majority," firstly, of his political fellow-thinkers, and, secondly, of practically the entire English-speaking world.

A public meeting was held in the Kingsway Hall in the early days of the war at which he was the principal speaker. The great room was crowded in every part with an audience anxious for guidance in the darkness and

doubt of the times, and when Mr. Shaw rose to speak he was received with a full volume of acclaim. Never shall I forget his exordium. To the blank amazement of the assembly it consisted of a string of egotistical pleasantries at the expense of some person or persons unknown who, on various unspecified occasions and in divers "quires and places" unnamed, had classified him in his grey-bearded state as a "Josser," a "Bromide," and a "Geezer." And most of what followed was equally helpful. I had a friend with me, and all we could do was, like the sailors in Keats's sonnet, "look at each other with a wild surmise." The spectacle of an elderly gentleman walking up and down a platform cracking such jokes as these before two or three thousand serious men and women in a moment when all Europe was charged with grief and horror filled one with amazement. All we could do as we passed from the scene was to remind each other as benevolently as possible that it was "his way," and that we should either have gone prepared for it or remained at home. But what a "way"! And was ever such a company of men and women assembled in such a moment so monstrously "let down"?

It sent one back to *Pickwick*. When the hero of that immortal work found himself and his friends in peril between two excited mobs in the Eatanswill election his prompt advice was "Shout with the largest!" Mr. Shaw's cry has pretty consistently been "Shout with the smallest!" In 1929, when Socialism, under the pseudonym of "Labour," had reached the pinnacle of forming a British Cabinet, his three-act comedy, *The Apple Cart*, was brought out at the Queen's Theatre, in Shaftesbury Avenue, in which, to their horror, his Socialistic friends found the members of a Labour Government of the last futility babbling their ineptitudes in the presence of a Constitutional King of England who twisted them round his little finger, and exhibited by a long way not only the best manners in the play but also the best brains, the soundest principles, and the longest

vision. For months the theatre was crowded nightly. The gloom of the "comrades" who visited it was profound, and from the very depths of their souls came their frantic *Et tu, Brute?* On the other hand, the Constitutionalists in the audience not only rocked with laughter, but ingenuously rejoiced over the author's conversion—belated, perhaps, but none the less gratifying—to an attitude of political common sense. Whereupon the dramatist, finding himself once more in the presence of two large and compact crowds, proceeded in due course to horrify them both, firstly, by reminding the former in an autobiographical outburst that his father had had a second cousin who was a Baronet, and, secondly, by informing the latter that during his whole life he, the now apparently Tory playwright, had been not only a Socialist but a Communist!

When we pass from big things to little ones, we find the same temper showing itself. When, for example, last year, Mr. Gordon Craig's book on the actor, Henry Irving, appeared, and the leading newspapers immediately devoted columns of space to it, so that Mr. Shaw could hardly open a daily or evening journal without finding in it a portrait of Irving as Mathias or Mephistopheles confronting him, up again went his temperature in the old familiar way. In one of those "interviews," of which he has long been a master, he harked back in the *Observer* to the year 1892, recalled the actor in *King Lear*, and told a story of how at rehearsal Irving had "tortured" a member of his company by insisting on a certain piece of "business" being performed in a certain way. He then proceeded as follows:—

> The result, which I remember well, was the hopeless and disgraceful failure of the production, and the beginning of Irving's downfall . . . Henry tottered round the stage like some rare sort of very old cockatoo, pausing at the end of every six words to get some wretched changeling of his own in between Shakespeare's lines. It was by far the worst of Irving's many crimes against Shakespeare and his fellow-artists, and it gave

him the first push-down-hill, from which he never fully recovered, and which he richly deserved.

Needless to say, nearly every word in that spiteful little outburst against a dead man is incorrect. So far from the Lyceum production of *King Lear* being a "hopeless and disgraceful failure," it enjoyed the longest "run" in our time of that tremendously difficult tragedy. So far from Irving "never fully recovering" from the "push-down-hill" which it gave him, it was immediately followed by the production of Tennyson's *Becket*, in which the actor by general consent secured one of the greatest and most enduring of his successes. So far from its being "the beginning of Irving's downfall," the actor to the last day of his life continued to hold his position unchallenged as the head of the English stage, and, in what was destined to be his final season in London, played to audiences in Drury Lane theatre larger than those which had hailed his triumphs at the Lyceum in the 'seventies and even more enthusiastic in their demonstrations of regard. To the end of his career he was attended on his tours with every official honour as well as every mark of popular appreciation; and when, in 1905, he died his ashes, with the general consent, were laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. All of which, of course, no man living in 1930 knew better than Mr. Shaw. But another "compact majority" had lifted its head; the temptation was irresistible; and the roar and the pounce had to follow.

It has all made a queer spectacle, this of a brilliant man emulating again and again Sydney Smith's Mrs. Partington, trying with her broom to keep the ocean waves from flooding her cottage floor. But there is no denying that it has served him well. It has caused him to be one of the most-talked-of public figures of his day. And how he has enjoyed it! A liberal scattering-abroad of his photograph, moreover, has given his facial lineaments a contemporary publicity absolutely unparalleled in literary annals, and this also he has borne

with a tolerable fortitude. And what a number of imitators he has had in the dozens of young ladies and gentlemen, avid of quick fame as novelists, dramatists, poets, or whatever, pouring "I" and "me" upon the people, allowing their photographs to be shed in every direction, and hoping for the best. Unfortunately, however (or fortunately), these young people have, as a rule, possessed little or none of his peculiar genius. Consequently, the public, as a rule, have remained unmoved. Like the heroine of the poem by Scott's little friend, Pet Marjorie—

> They were more than usual calm
> They did not give a single dam,
> They were as gentel as a lamb.

The imitators had forgotten that, after all, no man can sustain, as Mr. Shaw has done with success for half a century, a pose of egotistical *intransigeance* without the background of an unusual personality and a genuine ability.

We have the authority of Solomon for the saying that there is no new thing under the sun, and that all novelty is oblivion. However true of the earth the former of these apothegms may be, the author of *Man and Superman* has proved that it is not true of the stage. There is no denying that when, a quarter of a century ago, the curtain of the Court theatre, under the direction of Mr. Granville Barker, rose upon the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw it rose upon "a new thing." For the first time in recorded history playgoers found revealed in play after play a form of drama in which love and passion scarcely seemed to exist, in which flesh and blood were dismissed as "greasy commonplaces," in which men and women were shown as talking marionettes all pouring forth a witty and caustic dialectic, in which the Romantic spirit was replaced by the Materialistic, and in which the dramatist seemed to find his absolute in a stream of intentions and processes almost exclusively intellectual. It was as though the hard, mocking, witty

shade of Dean Swift had come back to London in the form of a twentieth-century playwright, bringing with him the vision of a society in which the popular conceptions of honour, chivalry, wisdom, and justice had become qualifications of so singular a kind that no intelligent man could possibly allow them in his friend or respect them in himself. And, acted and "produced" as brilliantly as they were written, the plays attracted all the "advanced" thinkers and philosophers in London—particularly those of tender years, whose faces as they gazed on the irradiated stage glowed like that of St. Stephen in the Scriptures as he sat listening to the Council.

As to the wise King's second apothegm, that all novelty is oblivion, it is, of course, in this case of the Shavian plays, too early to speak. All that can be said of them is that, on the whole, they seem to be running a fairly parallel course with that of their lively author—and what more need any dramatist desire? Even in the small circle in which the present writer revolves quite a lot of prophecy has been heard about them, all of it gloomy, and most of it falsified. As long ago as August, 1907, for example, a famous German actor said to me, "Ach! Ten years hence all Shaw's work will be forgotten!" and lo and behold, seventeen years later came his *Saint Joan*, and three years after that *The Apple Cart*, both of them considerable successes at home and abroad. Only the other day a very qualified speaker remarked to me: "The Shavian theatre will endure as long as its author. When that vigorous self-proclaiming voice dies away all the plays of Bernard Shaw will die with it." That remains to be proved. The early *Widowers' Houses*, perhaps, may not hold its place much longer in the acting repertory. In *The Times* of March 27, 1931, appeared the account of a West-end revival of that acrid work which concluded as follows: "The play is neither dead nor fully alive. Its movement is the movement of an ingeniously animated skeleton,

without beauty of feeling, but as agile as a monkey on a stick."

One thing seems pretty certain: no volume of its kind has contained so many ill-tempered men and shrewish women as the "omnibus book" already referred to, or exhibited such an atmosphere of almost uniform unamiability. I have heard that in private life Mr. Shaw is a very amiable man—and I can fully believe it. Such a stream of the reverse quality is poured into his work that obviously there could be little left for life's daily round. Quite lately, in a company of journalists, he made a number of comparatively genial allusions to his long association with the Press, but, years before, he introduced into the fourth act of *The Doctor's Dilemma* a "newspaper man" whose behaviour is surely the most venomous comment upon journalism ever put upon the stage. If such a being as the one there depicted was ever sent with a notebook into a death-chamber, surely the person to be pilloried was far less the poor creature himself than the "newspaper giant" who first degraded the English Press by despatching such people on such errands. In play after play this unamiability glares forth with effects that are almost unbearably jarring. When his Jack Tanner, about to be married against his will, anticipates seeing "in the greasy eyes of all the other husbands their relief at the arrival of a new prisoner to share their ignominy," the snigger it evokes is surely a poor substitute for honest mirth.

To pass from large things to a lesser thing—though in the case of an artist, whether of the pen or the brush, a tremendous one, for in art it is the pre-eminent preservative—Mr. Shaw disowns and denounces the quality called Style. "Leisurely tricks," "a pleasant parlour game," a product of "dotage"—such are a few of his epithets for a grace which all critics of any value agree in admiring; and he has added the following meaningless *dictum*: "Effectiveness of assertion is the Alpha and Omega of style." If that were all there is

to say on the subject, the late Mr. Bart Kennedy, who made his sentences extremely "effective" by clipping them to the bone, could of course be claimed as one of the greatest of all stylists. Obviously, such a definition is only part of Mr. Shaw's nonsense. Otherwise, how came it that its author was one of those who hailed Henry James in an address on his 70th birthday as "the master of rare and beautiful art"? But, alas! one can never take Mr. Shaw seriously.

As it happens, he often lapses in his plays into an admirable style. Larry Doyle's account of Ireland in the first act of *John Bull's Other Island*, Mary Fitton's terrified description of Shakespeare in *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, Don Juan's description of Heaven and the Devil's tirade on Man in the third act of *Man and Superman*, Duvallet's mock panegyric on England in *Fanny's First Play*, the *Credo* of the dying painter (a happy adaptation of a passage by Wagner) in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, the Elderly Gentleman's discourse on the Soul in *Back to Methuselah*—these and many other speeches are rich in style, even though occasionally the author's torrent, like the Staubbach in the Lauterbrunnenthal, is made to face a flight beyond its strength, and dwindles into spray.

As for his impishness—there is really no other word for it—I suppose we must accept it as part of his Hibernian inheritance. The work of a very remarkable writer among his Irish contemporaries, John Millington Synge, had a similar diabolic "twist," with the result that when his *Playboy of the Western World* was first acted at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin it created a riot. Indeed, the final word in the whole case is that Mr. Shaw himself is what the Irish call a Playboy; and the tragi-comic event of his epic was his settling in England, among the most good-humoured people in the world, a people the least likely to resent being told that black is white, and apparently the most disposed to make a pet of anyone who derides them and all they hold dear. Had he been

faithful to Dublin and mused along the banks of the Liffey instead of in Bloomsbury, who can say what his energy might not have accomplished in the Isle of Saints? For he, too, is a kind of saint, who here and there has upheld a decent standard in a naughty world: who, for example, while proclaiming himself an atheist, has railed as loudly against "the flippancy of scepticism" as against "the abjectness of credulity." From an address in Merrion Square what streams of gibing rhetoric he could have poured upon his countrymen on such topics as Hospital Sweepstakes, the Gaelic literary movement, and the general cult of the Dark Rosaleen! But he knew better than to stay there and be stoned. He saw another and a better land a little farther east and a little nearer the sun; a land whose people would be quick to respect his industry, laugh at his impudence, admire his wit, and enjoy his somersaults. A people, moreover, who have shown more than once that, with their famous good manners, they can understand an ungracious guest with the last perfection, and, so to speak, keep him in his place.

An American View of India

By Negley Farson

"WHEN are the American people going to learn the truth about India?"

A prominent English editor asked me that the other day, and I asked him what was the truth about India: Was it Mr Churchill's—or Lord Irwin's—or Mahatma Gandhi's—or Jawarhlal Nehru's? It made quite a difference.

His answer upset me. For, while it left me exactly "as you were" on the truth about India, it did reveal such an alarming discrepancy between what we think and what the British seem to think we think that it is almost one's duty to do something about it. At the very least, some attempt should be made to show what is in the average American's mind about India before Mr. Churchill lands in New York in September to tell him what he certainly ought to think about it.

The average American, as a matter of fact, is not thinking about India at all—he's thinking about Mr. Gandhi. Gandhi fascinates us. Being by nature a peace-loving people we are captivated by his idea of non-violent civil disobedience. As a race we like inventions, and this seemed to be a particularly interesting one. Somewhat disgusted by the failure of our own churches, in the face of a plethora of gunmen, to produce any spiritual leadership, we are immensely intrigued by Mr. Gandhi's ideas of morality. And we are even more intrigued by the way he seems to be getting one-fifth of the human race (not excluding ourselves) to believe in them. Living in a civilization that is fast becoming too complex to be comfortable, we are interested in Gandhi's idea of a return to almost aboriginal simplicity. Especially does this become appealing when we are being squashed to death in the morning stampede to get down to business *via* New York's subways. Taken all in all, we are more than half of the opinion that Mr. Gandhi has something to offer us. We would like to see him get

the chance to put his ideas to work—if only to see if he could get away with it.

This is apparently the age of hair-raising social experiments. Compared to the Soviet Five-Year-Plan, Mr. Gandhi's seems innocuous. At least, that is the way the problem looks to us. We can afford to be neutral and altruistic in this matter, for we feel that no matter what might happen between Gandhi and the British—win, lose or draw—nothing can happen to us. India is a long way off. Much farther than Nicaragua from the Panama Canal, or Hai. even more remote than the Philippines. If you should ask our State Department what they thought on the subject of the British and India, they would probably tell you they thanked their stars that *they* did not have to handle it. If you asked our professors and lawyers and the more intelligent of our business men you would probably find that they were just as divided, with perhaps even stronger feelings on the subject, than their contemporaries in England. But then you are a more complacent race, and you have a leaven in your midst of men and women who have spent the best part of their lives in serving or in making money out of India, whereas Mr. Kipling is responsible for most of the American romantic ideas about that distant country. If you ask the average American in the street what he thinks about India, if he thinks about it at all, he will probably ask you is it true that Mr. Gandhi is a holy man?

One thing which any fair-minded British observer would be almost sure to realize in America is that "on this Indian question" there is less anti-British feeling than on any other international issue that England has ever been involved in. Inasmuch as that is ever possible, the Americans are watching this struggle from a distance as neutrals with—it may seem paradoxical—the sincerest good wishes for both parties. For that reason, after I have sketched in what I believe to be a few of the fundamental American opinions on India,

I wish to pick a bone with Mr. Edward Thompson, whose series of articles on "America and India" appeared in the London *Times*, July and September, 1930.

As to Gandhi's non-violent civil disobedience movement, we thought it was going to be a fiasco at first, and, with any other people to deal with except the English, it very likely would have been. Imagine, for instance, the Senussie down in Kufra at this moment trying to practise *satygraha* before Mussolini's Italians, or the Riffi, by sheer moral force, attempting to move the French out of Morocco! That is the reason why we find Mahatma Gandhi's crusade against the English so incredibly interesting. Whatever success it is having is not because of any weakness but because of the sheer virtues that he and the mild Hindu know right well are fundamental in English character. You brought the ideal to the East of individual and national liberty and the Indian is using that very ideal to pry you out of it.

You, too, thought that non-violent civil disobedience was going to be futile; otherwise there is no explanation of your failure to arrest Gandhi when he picked up the first handful of illegal salt at Dandi. You waited too long. Gandhi got started. So, when the stories began to be flashed back from our reliable correspondents in India of thousands of unflinching *satyagrahists* squatting on Bombay's esplanade while the *lathis* of impotent British police sergeants played a xylophone of "Rule, Britannia" on their craniums—you can hardly blame us for getting excited about it. Here was an epic contest of faith against force, probably the most interesting battle of modern history. In our own country we know just how long that performance would have lasted. *Our* police do not use bamboos. And when, after a time, we began to become aware of the British sergeants' dismay over being forced, by Gandhi stubbornness, to do such distasteful things, the picture became exhilarating. Here was something infinitely bigger than unarmed

Hindu *versus* policeman, even Hindu against Englishman; it was a test case of East against West. And in perfecting *satygraha*, Gandhi had apparently produced a weapon to which the West could find no answer.

That was—and still is—a tremendously interesting problem in psychology. If violence breeds violence, and non-violence the contrary, what will the British do if the Congress fails to secure all it wants at the forthcoming Round Table Conference?

The realization that Gandhi does not typify the modern East has not yet become widespread in America. The very first people to drop him after he has served his purpose as a symbol to rid them of the British will be his own countrymen and present financial backers—the wealthy Indian moderates and millionaire Parsee mill-owners. His abhorrence of Western civilization makes him as dangerous to them as he is to Lancashire. Nor is it realized how swiftly, once victory is achieved, the present alarming surplus of jobless university graduates—lawyers, doctors, professors in the embryo—will desert from his camp followers. They will not follow Gandhi into the village to twiddle a *takli*. When the reshuffle comes they will demand sophisticated positions commensurate with their degrees. They want modern civilization and all it means—mansions, money and motor-cars. But I shudder to think what would happen in India if Gandhi were to be run over and killed by a motor-car during his coming visit to England.

To mechanized America, Gandhi's return to the hand-loom is an enchantingly daring suggestion. It holds out such restful possibilities. We are rather amusing on this question. In our subconscious mind we know we have no idea whatever of accepting such simplicity; consciously we get an emotional delight from considering it. Personally, when I saw Americans dressed in *khaddar* in Gandhi's camp, giving the *ramram* to each other, I was distinctly fed up with them. When I talked with Gandhi about simplicity under his mango tree I wanted

to take my clothes off right there and then and get down to earth with him.

It might be interesting to mention that Gandhi, on that occasion, was dressed in the unique costume of a loin-clout, a pair of silver-rimmed ancient spectacles, and two hats—one worn on top of the other—to keep the sun out, he told me. But his dignity survived it. And in the majesty of his presence I forgot my previous wonderment how any person who had once been a lawyer could become a "holy man." They certainly do not go together in America.

America's acceptance of Gandhi as a holy man is, in fact, one of the most interesting features in its attitude. It is practically unqualified. Little attention is paid to the fact that his present crusade is a campaign of village economics—aside from its anti-British aspect. Gandhi, to America, is the spear-head of a faith. He represents a spiritual leadership which our own religious apostles have utterly failed to inspire in us. His ingenuity as a master strategist does not seem to detract from this "holiness." Although what Gandhi does not know about the "White Man's Burden"—and especially where it chafes—is not worth knowing.

Gandhi's civil disobedience programme has at one time or another forced the British to invoke a surprising number of retrograde and repressive ordinances.

Gandhi himself, it should be remembered, was arrested and imprisoned without trial under Ordinance 25 of the year 1827—the days of John Company. Then there was the Bengal ordinance, providing for arrest without warrant; the Press Act, leaving it to the discretion of the local authorities to close down any vernacular newspaper it considered to be printing seditious material; the Seditious Meetings Act, making it unlawful—where applied—for more than four persons to meet together in any public place, and so on and so forth. It would be tactless to recapitulate. Most of them have been withdrawn since the Irwin-Gandhi armistice.

But it is interesting to point out that each of these ordinances was an added challenge to the very thing it was trying to crush—another harsher law to be broken by civil disobedience. And the irony of the situation is that such a race as the British, long distinguished for its championship of individual liberty, should be forced to resort to such measures as the only answer it could think of to non-violent disobedience.

On the American mind, the invoking of such repressive measures, without it being humanly possible to explain all the background that provoked them, could cause nothing less than bewilderment. Gandhi, apparently, was forcing the British to walk backward through history.

American travellers in India are usually struck by the scanty arrangements for primary education, the squalor of village life, and the fact that the British seem to have lost a golden opportunity in not further developing this magnificent country. It can be reasoned that most of this arises from the British desire not to interfere too much with Indian life. For instance, it probably has been difficult to persuade the Mohammedans to send their girls to school. And the Hindus, apparently, do not attach very much importance to female education.

American tourists who do visit India usually come away with admiration as well as a slight feeling of resentment toward the British. The fact that an American arrives in India is sufficient of itself that he must have some money. As such he is accustomed to being treated as a person of consequence. In the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay he might even get that reception. But once up country he begins to find that the English (who up till then he has been considering "his kind") live a life entirely aloof from him. A couple of summer days spent behind the moist blinds of Maiden's Hotel in Delhi, with all the clubs closed—to him—are enough to make him begin to feel sympathetic with the Indian's inferiority complex. There is no use in dwelling on this subject,

but India is not rigged for tourists who do not bear good club connections.

For that reason many Americans who tour India during their summer vacations return to tell their friends that in India the British are overdoing the *sahib* fetish. And it is quite possible that such exclusiveness might have something to do with the books Americans have written on India. With one notable exception they are mostly unfavourable—from the British viewpoint—and considerably at variance with the American Press.

One of these, Will Durant's "The Case for India," I would particularly recommend to Englishmen as it is having a pronounced effect on American opinion. Some indication of its drift may be gleaned from one chapter heading where, speaking of Gandhi confronting the British, Durant heads it: "Christ Meets John Bull."

> "I have seen such things in India," says Durant in his preface, "as made me feel that study and writing were frivolous things in the presence of a people—one-fifth of the human race—suffering poverty and oppression bitterer than any to be found elsewhere on earth. I was horrified. I had not thought it possible that any government could allow its subjects to sink to such misery. I began to feel that I had come on the greatest crime in all history. I know how weak words are in the face of guns and blood, etc., etc., etc."

It's an extremely interesting book, and if this were a book review I would go even farther into it. The point is that such books are being widely read in America—and that brings me to Mr. Edward Thompson.

Last July and September, when things were rather hot in India, Mr. Thompson published several articles in the London *Times* purporting to interpret the American viewpoint. They were entitled "America and India." They were meant to be fair. But the danger of Mr. Thompson being taken too literally as an interpreter of America on India is that he rests most of his evidence on women's clubs, one comparatively unheard-of review, two dud books, one or two well-known but distinctly "liberal" weeklies—and almost completely ignores the

great American dailies. Had he read his daily newspapers he would not have been able to make the following statement :—

> There will be no resentment on our side of American discussion of British actions if Americans can only remove from our minds the belief that their public and publicists care little for accuracy.—[London *Times*, July 23, 1930.]

And if Mr. Thompson had known a little bit more about India he could not, in honesty, have said that :—

> British readers should be told that Americans distrust their news service and do not share our confidence that we can sift and criticize for ourselves. There is a widespread belief that news is doctored, *especially that Indian news is censored.*" (My italics.)

At the time that Mr. Thompson was writing such things, American and British correspondents in India were having considerable trouble with the censorship. To be specific, let us take the case of Mr. Webb Miller, of the United Press of America. At Dharsana, May 21, 1930, Mr. Miller filed five separate dispatches of about one hundred words each on the scenes of the *lathi*-beating there. That night in Bombay he filed a fuller dispatch of twelve hundred words on the same affair. Of these seventeen hundred words precisely fifty got through—and then only by an accident.

As the short dispatches were filed from the little wayside station of Bulsar, they had already started going out on Bombay wireless before the censor in Bombay, connected with the Post Office, got wind of them. At 2.15 that afternoon the Marconi Company in London had already started to transmit part of one of the short messages to the United Press bureau over its private wire here. But after fifty words Marconi stopped and asked the United Press to cancel that message. Instructions received from Bombay, said Marconi, stated that the message " had been sent in error."

Miller, in Bombay, took it up with the censor there,

and was told that if he wanted to get his twelve hundred word message out he would have to re-write it.

It is not the existence of a censorship that matters. Mr. Robert Scripps, head of the big chain of Scripps-Howard newspapers in America, was careful to point this out in his luncheon speech which made such a commotion in London last summer—it is the attempt to deny the existence of a censorship that does the harm. It makes people suspect that censorship is being used to conceal the real facts. American correspondents in India know that that was not the case. Most of the censorship there was internal and arose from the effort to prevent the vernacular Press from circulating alarmist stories—in the circumstances it was probably not only justifiable, but necessary. The complaint that most of us made with the censorship of dispatches going outside India was that the British were clumsy in their method of handling it—they were nothing like so efficient as Moscow, where the dispatch is censored before your own eyes. If Mr. Thompson will take the trouble to question the authorities in Bombay he will see that the British considered American dispatches to be both accurate and fair.

I mention censorship and Mr. Thompson in this connection because his effort to suggest there was no such thing caused extreme annoyance to the Americans who were writing on India at that time. And on the eve of this present Round Table Conference, when American opinion is so friendly and tranquil towards the British, we do not want him to muddy the waters again.

This continuation of the Round Table Conference is going to be followed in America with almost as much interest as it is in England. The most complete evidence the British have ever produced on the Indian situation was the Simon Report. It was received in America with more appreciation than it was here. When you turned your back on it we hardly knew what to think.

The Verdi Revival.

By Cecil Gray.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, in "The Resurrection of Rome," gives an amusing description of the conception of history which, he says, prevailed during the latter half of the nineteenth century and the first decade or so of the twentieth: a conception based upon the belief in the superior ability of the Teutonic as opposed to the Latin races, in accordance with which the latter were regarded as "a sort of luxurious and yet impecunious remnant left over from a lazier age, and incapable of effort and efficiency, capable only of gesticulating over organs and ice-cream carts," and associated in people's minds with "knives, rags, romantic passions, reckless behaviour, garlic and guitars."

In no sphere was this Nordic theory so insistently proclaimed, so widely accepted, as in music. Mr. Chesterton's picture may be overdrawn and exaggerated in reference to literature, art, science, politics, philosophy, or any other branch of intellectual activity, but so far as music at least is concerned he even falls short of the actual truth. Music, indeed, during the second part of last century was regarded, in this country at least, as an almost exclusively Teutonic thing. It was grudgingly conceded that Italians had occasionally made useful contributions to the progress of the art in the early stages of its development, but all the greatest achievements of its maturity were claimed to be German. The essentially frivolous and shallow Latins, it was held, were at a permanent disadvantage in competing with the *tief* and *ernst* Teutons. "They were easily pleased, and so they were easily passed in the race by those who required something of a higher order to satisfy their sense of responsibility (!) . . . The power of strenuous persistence in climbing up the steep ascent of art to higher things was not for them, but for a race whose musical story is the very strongest contrast to theirs, and illustrates the persistent and patient and unweariable devotion

to an ideal which was totally different throughout." Thus Sir Hubert Parry, in his "Style in Musical Art," one of the standard historical studies of the early twentieth century, and his conception of the noble Teuton, puffing and blowing up the slopes of Mount Parnassus while the indolent and superficial Latin remained sitting at the foot, was endorsed by almost all writers on music of the period. In accordance with this view Bach and Mozart "summed up" everything of value in the work of their respective Italian predecessors, adding something of which the latter were congenitally incapable, while from the time of Beethoven onwards, Italy failed even to provide material worth improving on, and practically ceased to exist as a musical country. With Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti, indeed, music was believed to have reached its nadir, and Verdi was only tolerated on account of his last works, Aida, Otello, Falstaff, in which, recognizing the error of his ways, he made a belated endeavour to emulate the nobler and loftier ideals of his German colleagues, and of Wagner in particular. Turning his back on the garlic-scented melodies and the guitar-like orchestra of his earlier operas he set to work manfully in an attempt to produce something not altogether unworthy of a German composer. One is given to understand, of course, that it was not done well, as Dr. Johnson said of a dog walking on its hind legs, but one was surprised to find it being done at all. Nevertheless, it had to be admitted that the spectacle of the aged and venerable sinner creeping penitently on his knees to the shrine of Bayreuth was very touching, and deserved appreciation even to the extent of allowing these later works a humble place by the side of the incomparably greater achievement of the German master. As for the rest of his output, however, it was contemptuously dismissed as consisting of mere successions of vulgar ear-tickling tunes without any musical or dramatic significance whatever.

Such was the conception of musical history, and such

the official critical attitude to Verdi, which prevailed, in this country at least, right down to 1914, and they are even still to be met with in academic circles. The reaction, moreover, which started about the beginning of the century against German music, chiefly in France and Russia, did not bring with it a corresponding revulsion in favour of Italy; indeed, the contempt of the Franco-Russian school and its adherents for the Italian operatic composers of the preceding century exceeded, if anything, that of the Germans themselves. So far as Verdi was concerned it was even more complete, since it embraced the later works also, in which he was supposed—wrongly—to have followed Teutonic ideals to a certain extent. And if, in the years immediately following the war, it became fashionable in certain circles to affect an admiration for Verdi, this was simply part of the perversity of the times. People who found him "amusing"—the favourite adjective of the period—did so because they honestly believed that his music was thoroughly bad; accepting, in fact, the standard of values already prevailing, and merely inverting it mechanically. The most perfect example of this is afforded by the comic dictum of Stravinsky to the effect that early Verdi is good, but the later Verdi bad.

This, then, was the position until about a year or two ago, when a most remarkable thing happened—the last thing on earth anyone could have expected, namely, the sudden rise of a great wave of enthusiasm for his music, originating in, of all unlikely places, Germany; manifesting itself not only in popular but also in critical and enlightened favour, and not confined merely to his later works—that one could more easily have understood—but embracing the greater part of his output. This revival of interest in Verdi, moreover, is no longer limited to Germany, but appears to be spreading everywhere. In this country, for example, the production of several of his operas, including the little-known "La Forza del Destino," has been the outstanding

success of the Italian season at Covent Garden this year, and two books dealing with the man and his work have made their appearance within a few months of each other; one by Mr. F. Bonavia, and another, the more recent and more important of the two, by Mr. Francis Toye. (Giuseppe Verdi; his Life and Works. Heinemann. 21s. net.)

This book is more than welcome if only because no satisfactory full-length study of the master has hitherto appeared in English. It is probably even the best book on Verdi that has appeared in any language, though that is not saying very much, for the literature that he has hitherto evoked in Italian, German, and French is singularly uninteresting and uninspiring. The truth is that Verdi is not an easy or a grateful subject for either biographer or music critic. His life was entirely devoid of the sensational incidents which make the biographies of Wagner, Berlioz, or Liszt such entertaining reading, and his music is so direct, so simple, so unsophisticated, that there is really very little that one can profitably say about it. If Mr. Toye's book, then, is also, like its fellows, apt to be a trifle flat and pedestrian, this is largely on account of the nature of his subject. Even a Strachey, a Maurois, a Ludwig, would find it difficult to make Verdi's life dramatic or picturesque, and certainly no music critic can say much about the music that the ordinary, uninstructed listener cannot perfectly well see for himself. As a repository of facts, however, painstakingly collected and lucidly presented, Mr. Toye's study is invaluable and should be in the hands of all music-lovers. On the critical side one is glad to note that he gives the lie direct to the insinuation, so often repeated as to have become a veritable *cliché*, that the miraculous second flowering of Verdi's genius in his old age was due to the influence of Wagner. Mr. Toye rightly points out that Aida, Otello, Falstaff, are only the logical outcome of what had gone before, and would have been written even if Wagner had never lived.

The chief significance, indeed, of the present Verdi Renaissance is that it signals the definite passing of the oppressive Wagnerian domination which has weighed upon operatic form like an incubus for the last fifty years, and the fact that it should have originated in Germany itself only serves to emphasize this significance. It is also a healthy symptom in other ways, for it indicates a strong reaction on the part of both popular and critical opinion against excessive cerebralism on the one hand and excessive sensationalism on the other; against the tendencies, in fact, which may be conveniently identified with Schönberg and Stravinsky, respectively, and in favour of the predominance of melody over all other elements in the musical synthesis as opposed to the primarily harmonic interest of the former and the rhythmic obsessions of the latter.

Whether this remarkable revival of interest in Verdi will prove to be permanent or not remains to be seen. But even if it should only be temporary it is an exceedingly propitious sign—the first that has appeared upon the musical horizon for many a long day.

The Hilpe Correspondence

By Douglas Woodruff

[*The first batch of the Hilpe Correspondence between uncle and nephew appeared in the July number of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW. *Further letters are now given, and other parts of this private and important correspondence will be published from time to time.*]

IT may easily be imagined that Edward Hilpe endeavoured to interest so established and childless an uncle in the education and prospects of the little Hilpes. Uncle Robert was not slow to respond to these overtures, with the very best advice bestowed with no niggard hand and in full measure. He had, as he was fond of saying, been in his day both a boy and a man, and knew the subject from both sides. A number of letters of various dates attest his lasting interest in his great-nephews, and his strong views on English schooling. He was unwilling, as a rule, to assume the duties of a Godfather, preferring, as he firmly said, to be a simple uncle in the sight of Heaven and the Law, and being reluctant to take on the obligations which Godfathers assume towards their Godsons. More than one of his letters explains to Edward that to stand Godfather is to vouch for the character of the home and to issue a kind of moral certificate to the parents, at once an impertinence and a risk. He added that it was bad tactics to use up an uncle in a position which could be employed to interest somebody not a relation, and this argument had marked weight with Edward and softened the effect of the refusal. I do not think that the requests to Robert Hilpe to stand sponsor would have been renewed as they were in the case of the fourth and fifth children but for the growing difficulty Edward Hilpe experienced in drawing upon outside talent for the honourable but laborious position which Godfather in his family—as I know as well as any man—soon showed itself to be.

The letters which I now append are concerned with

the second Hilpe boy, when Edward's experiences with the first boy, George, had made him anxious not to repeat courses he had only too much reason to regret. He accordingly wrote to his uncle Robert on the vexed question of a good or a cheap preparatory school.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

IT is proving quite impossible to keep Alfred at home any longer, and Bessie and I have had long talks about his future, wondering how to do the best for the boy. We do not feel at all inclined to send him to a boarding-school just yet. You remember how you yourself advised Mr. Fowlerling's for George, saying that he would certainly win a scholarship on to one of the leading Public Schools, which has not happened. Bessie says that all family affection is now dead in George, and that after two terms with Mr. Fowlerling he began to despise both his parents, and I must say that though I feel these things less acutely than poor Bessie, it seems to me a poor return for a hundred and fifty a year for four years. Unless he changes very much while he is at Bamborough we intend to give him to the Empire as soon as he is sixteen, under one of the schemes which I believe exist for settling public school boys in the Dominions. What we are particularly anxious for Alfred is that he shall not be among other boys of his own age who will share and inflame his already dangerously developed mania for speed and motor-cars. I have tried hard to get him interested in county cricket, and have instanced the undoubtedly good effect that your lifelong interest in the game has had upon your health, but the name of Hobbs fails to get anything like the same eager response that these speed kings, as the newspapers call them, seem able to evoke. Do you know of any preparatory school which takes a strong, and what is much more to the point, a successful line against this craze for speed and mechanical motion. If there is no such school we think it best that Alfred

should live away from home, either with an aged clergyman of the tricycling sort, or with you, if you would feel prepared to have the boy for a few years in the quiet of your country home, away from the motors which are doing him so much harm. We would not trouble you if it were not rather urgent, but already he is beginning to be an influence with his younger brothers, and Bessie already sees nightmares of all her sons being killed at Brooklands in their teens. At any rate, give us sound counsel.

Your affect. nephew,
EDWARD.

To this letter the following seems to have been the answer.

DEAR EDWARD,

I DO not, as it happens, know of any old clergymen with tricycles at this moment, and Crockford is quite silent as to the means of locomotion of its entries. Nor can there, unfortunately, be any question of my offering a home to any nephew as long as my literary work remains in its present state of incompletion. But I am most anxious to assure you of my warm sympathy in the trouble you foresee, only too justly, I am convinced, coming upon you. To bring little speed-fiends into the world, with the certain knowledge that, after a longer or shorter time as general nuisances, they will bring violent death to others, or at the best to themselves, is enough to sadden the heart of the most callous and stupid parents, and I do not think that either you or your wife deserve those appellations. It is a most unfortunate thing that the ability to ride a bicycle and to drive a car is so much commoner than the ability to hit or kick a ball well, but so it is. Schoolmasters may preach all they like about the moral value of team spirit and games, but if a boy knows he will never be much good on the field, but feels he can pass anything on the road, his mind will be far away from his mentor's words. The

moral ruin you know as well as I do, though no philosopher has yet treated as he should the subtle deleterious effects of motoring upon the moral nature of mankind. There are, of course, accounts in the textbooks of psychology, and there is general agreement that the pleasure of motoring comes in the group of pleasure-power sensations. Motorists as a class have no destinations. It is being on the road that they enjoy, and they enjoy it in no contemplative spirit, but as men of might who have great natural forces obedient to their will. I do not myself agree with the extreme psychological school which holds that it is essentially the sense of wielding the power of life and death which is the joy of motoring, so that every pedestrian is a suppliant for life whom it is amusing to scare and gracious to spare, and that all motoring is the Oriental Despot complex that Hunter and Schwalling declare it to be. I think a saner view is to recognize the presence of an elementary sense of extension, of new powers, like those which make the floating dream so delightful an event. There is, in a word, the Seven League Boots feeling. But the mark that motors leave on men is very different to the mark that horses leave, and this generation which is now coming into the world is the first to whom the horse means nothing at all. Is it because the horse has a will of its own and the car has not? But I digress. It is much easier to sympathize with your desire to keep your lads from the grave moral dangers which you foresee. It is less easy to think of any good economical ways of achieving that end. So I will conclude and sign myself

Your attached uncle,

ROBERT HILPE.

Edward replied to this letter, expressing a very natural disappointment that his uncle should not have proved more fertile.

DEAR UNCLE,

YOU may be sure that both Bessie and I kept

murmuring "how true" after each full stop in your letter, but we did hope you would have managed to be rather more definitely helpful. It is in no ungrateful or disagreeable spirit that I point out that you have not, in fact, done anything to prevent my sons, your great nephews, from developing into people with car minds, beyond presenting the two eldest with rocking-horses, and rocking-horses of such imperfect material and finish as gravely to prejudice the horse in their eyes. You know how young people tend to judge things by the paint. I now have recourse to you in the very real problem which my son Alfred presents, and I only receive a very general statement of the reality of the dangers from which I desire to save him. If you do not want him to live with you—and he is an amusing boy, full of riddles, when his mind wanders away from cars—and can make no helpful suggestions about clergymen, do you think a preparatory school is the only thing, and if so, should it be chosen at random? I have never heard of any preparatory school which undertakes to do what I want done, to teach civilization and quiet depth. All their prospectuses undertake to do is to prepare for specific examinations, which is altogether too superficial. I feel, and I do not believe I am the only parent to feel it, that my son will be influenced much more by his companions than by the masters, who are quite likely to be feeble fish. Then I catch my breath and reflect that what is true for Alfred is true for the sons of other parents. If I send him to St. Hugh's to Mr. Fowlerling, other parents will soon be in the quite ludicrous position of paying the heavy fees in order that their sons may be influenced by Alfred and taught by him to talk in terms of horse-power. By the wretched standards which their mutual timidities and exhibitionism will erect they will come to judge their homes and their parents, as George has learnt to do. Mr. Fowlerling seems apathetic and helpless, or quite unable to grasp the point and only says that all his boys come from highly respectable

homes, and was offended when I said that made the tragedy worse. I wonder whether it has never occurred to you to collect some influential contemporaries and to found a proper preparatory school where the boys will really be taught to look down on mechanics and this modern craving for speed. Even if the fees were steep it would amply repay parents later on, for nothing empties parental pockets more quickly than the motoring proclivities of children in their teens. What we want is to suggest that there is something helpless and perambulatorish in always wanting to ride. I have some hopes of this coming about as cars get cheaper and commoner, but I fear I delude myself. There is something about engines and speed which makes a particular appeal to the weakness of boyhood, for boyhood is after all a kind of illness, a time of weakness in which strength of any sort is hungered after. The special case of Alfred makes me dwell particularly on this speed mania now rampant among young boys, and it is a particularly glaring instance because the dangerous unpleasantness of the type of garage-haunting youth he is likely to become is singularly obvious. But you will, I am sure, dear uncle, recognize that a very real and genuine problem of a wider sort is here to torment parents who desire to choose a school. Of course, if the school is called Brooklands one knows what to expect, but most of these establishments are quite wickedly non-committal, and neither their names nor the names and academic descriptions of the staff tell a parent any of the things he really wants to know. One cannot look at the finished product and whoever chooses his preparatory school because of the grown men he approves of who were educated there, will learn that those institutions change very rapidly. Yet it cannot be right to leap in the dark in so important a matter, and one can only sample four or five, at the most, with the same boy. Please give your mind to the matter.

Your worried nephew,

EDWARD.

Robert Hilpe was touched and wrote after due reflection.

MY DEAR EDWARD,

IN pondering your problem I am struck by one consideration which I hasten to communicate to you, as I think it is of a consolatory character. You are not like those unfortunate parents who have an only boy. On the contrary you have five. You have a margin for mistakes in this education business. Let us grant that George is shaping, at thirteen, to be a disappointment and that the omens are none too bright for Alfred. There still remain Edmund and Maurice and Rupert. Of course, I am not pretending that with five shots you are likely to bring down many coconuts among the preparatory schools, so confusingly numerous are they. But I venture to think that the mere number of your sons should enable you to face the educational question with some equanimity. The truth, as I have seen it in a long lifetime of observation, is that parents discover in the course of some years of intimate family life the moral failings of their young children and choose the preparatory school to correct these failings, the public school to correct the preparatory school, and then, only too often, the university or some technical college or Clark's College to correct the public school. After all that comes the question of providing funds that the lad may learn some useful calling, but *that* has not begun to worry you yet, dear Edward. The point is that parents are foolish to bother so much, for the instruments to their hand, preparatory schools, tutors, and the like, are not equal to the problem of forming characters or developing talents. You sign yourself my worried nephew, Edward, but you should not worry. Believe that children bring themselves up. All this talk of schools and tutors and influences falsely imagines that such things can work uninterruptedly, but in truth the year in which each of your sons was born

settles his education. The Zeitgeist is the only school and it is a compulsory one. Nothing could have kept Alfred from motor-cars, and he is marching—or should I say riding?—with all his contemporaries. Humanity is going through its motor measles in him. Do not worry. He will come through with the rest of his generation, and you should choose his school by standards of your own convenience, the cheapness, the locality, the desire to oblige a friend, and so on. He will grow up anywhere, if you see he gets proper food; any school, on the East Coast and not too cheap to affect the feeding, should solve perplexities which no father need feel. If he turned out a rotter it should be some consolation to you that at any rate you did not do your best, as that bad phrase goes, and fail, but took pot luck of what your contemporaries provided and enjoyed. And you will never be reproached by

Your affect. uncle,

ROBERT.

This letter seemed to Edward so full of the cheerful optimism of the childless and indifferent uncle that he returned to the charge with some vigour.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT,

SHOULD parents care? That, it seems to me, is the question raised by your letter. There are, heaven knows, uncles and godfathers enough in the world to give the happy-go-lucky attitude the fullest and loudest expression, and if it were not for parental solicitude the next generation would never grow up at all, but would come to early grief, and very philosophical the uncles and godfathers would be at the funeral. What is known as "exonerating the driver from all blame." As long as people of a middle rank in society are allowed, what is denied to the poor, freedom to decide the form of upbringing for their children, they must take their duty seriously. From your letter I feel you are really in your heart sorry and perplexed because the Hilpes are not

artisans for whom all those questions have been settled by the Government.

Your affect. nephew,
EDWARD.

If that letter was written to rile and provoke Uncle Robert, as I think it plainly was, it succeeded excellently, for the following is plainly in answer to it.

DEAR EDWARD,

IT is greatly to be hoped, for the sake of everybody, that some at least of your sons will turn out well. But should they not, it will always be possible to urge on their behalf that they had the grave handicap of muddle-headed parents, or, not to fail in chivalry, of a muddle-headed father. For muddle-headed is the kindest word I can find to explain the extraordinary confusion of your last letter, which tries to attach to me, Robert Hilpe, the stigma of regarding the vast compulsory education machine, from which our incomes so happily make us and our children exempt, as in some sort a welcome shelter from the responsibilities of choice. I suggested to you, as tactfully as I could, that it was no use trying to pick the perfect preparatory school, and that in taking inevitable risks you had at any rate the consolation of knowing that innumerable other influences, and, above all, the spirit of the times, were busily at work. I felt sorry for you, because such parents as you are do find themselves in a very real dilemma. They simply do not know what they want their boys to become. Not so very long ago the ideal of all parents was much more fixed, and what it was could be seen by the brass plates of so many little schools round the South Coast which proclaimed themselves as for the sons or for the daughters of gentlemen. Their prospectuses said they prepared boys for the public schools and for the Royal Navy, and there was a quite definite norm of manners they strove to inculcate. It all rested on the existence of privileged walks of life in which those quiet manners

prevailed, and for which the children were to be trained. But now there is a stampede, one might say, from the Universities and public schools into any walk of life that offers the promise of a good livelihood, advertising or salesmanship, or the police, or journalism, or what not else. Parents have to ask themselves whether there can be any greater folly than by spending money to curb a boy's natural propensities, and simply handicapping him by endeavouring at great cost to put upon him a mark which he will then with some discomfort do all he can to efface. Suppose your Alfred is what I believe the Americans would rather proudly call a real tough, almost a plug ugly. These qualities have their market, and if they are Alfred's only qualities he will have to fall back upon them in the end. Why spend any money in trying to curb them and to make of him a type for which there is, unhappily, so very little economic demand to-day? I don't say all parents are quick to forego cherished ideals of the older type, or that a school which advertised itself as a school for little toughs would get more consideration or voluntary patronage than a reformatory secures. But I do feel that preparatory schoolmasters are, like everybody else who depends for livelihood upon public goodwill, lacking in initiative, anxious to follow and afraid to lead, and that they are keeping up in their prospectuses a wholly imaginary and misleading picture of the world of twenty years hence for which they undertake to prepare little boys. That is the weakness of the preparatory schoolmaster's position, that he undertakes to prepare for a future of which he has no more knowledge than anyone else. It was not always so, but it is plainly so to-day. What is the good of him undertaking to make a little gentleman out of Alfred if in ten years' time the only openings for Alfred are overseas, where his greatest handicap will be the manners you have paid for him to learn in his impressionable years, or when the commercial or journalistic openings before him will demand that he shall forget any code he has picked up? It is, I

repeat, a very real dilemma for present-day parents, who are caught in a transitional time. The scientists who study children are not much use to you as yet, and the older phrenologists are still under a cloud, so that you cannot work by taking the child and cataloguing his qualities and then choosing the appropriate education. Nor, on the other hand, is there any longer a definite norm and standard which is rightly desired on moral, cultural, and economic grounds, as there used to be when I received my excellent preparatory grounding. But to twist my recognition of your difficulties, Edward, into acquiescence in the monstrous machine-made education which is prescribed for the poor is to presume upon a nephew's privileges, to foul the drinking water, and, in short, to try my patience rather high. Thanks to the broad culture of my own upbringing, working upon a naturally good endowment, I do not let myself be easily ruffled, and can still unfeignedly sign myself

Your Affect. uncle,

ROBERT.

Edward Hilpe wrote back

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT,

I HAVE received your letter, and am glad that you appreciate my parental perplexity. I mentioned the government schools to see how you felt about them, for I may as well tell you now that since you seem unable to do anything particular for Alfred, his mother and I have made up our minds to send him to the government or elementary school. Bessie says, indeed, that it is only fair to the boy in these democratic days, so that he can claim to be one of the people should he so desire, for business or professional reasons, later on. People say that elementary education flattens children out, leaving them agape with subservient minds only fit to listen in to the B.B.C. They say that there is something about government teachers, a fearful absence of originality and an acceptance of conventional judgments in history

and literature and the rest of it, which comes from their anxious training for examinations when they are young and their dependence upon a single authority for pay and pension. But we are not so sure it would not be a good thing for Alfred to be flattened out. For myself I believe that what is complained of, and how justly, in the products of the government schools comes chiefly from the absence of any tradition in the homes. Of course, pupils gape and write down the poets in the order of their greatness and swallow other purely conventional judgments because they really care very little one way or the other, and how or why should they? We shall save so many hundreds of pounds before Alfred is fourteen that he will be able to have at any rate three years at the most expensive public school—and we entered his name for several some years ago—and then he will be fully equipped for either democratic or aristocratic life later on. Is it not a pretty good idea for a muddled-headed nephew to catch hold of?

Your affect. nephew,
EDWARD.

Perhaps it was merely because he belonged to an older generation that Robert Hilpe took offence.

DEAR EDWARD,

YOUR letter surprises me, and yet have I any business to be shocked at you? After endeavouring, without success, to fasten upon me the stigma of turning gratefully to the government system of education as a relief from thought, you calmly announce that you are doing precisely that yourself; and you make matters worse, not better, by fooling yourself with a list of problematical future advantages. I go further and venture to say you are something of a traitor to the country. You have too often agreed with me about the danger of the mind which looks to the State all the time. Most people in this country are not economically able to do anything else, and are forced to send their children

into an atmosphere where everybody is wondering all the time what the State is going to do or decree next. If the small class that stands outside the growing discipline does not keep clear and criticize, heaven knows to what excesses we shall drift. Even if Alfred takes against his school and teachers the harm will have been done, because the rebels, no less than the champions of this idea of living by State measures, take the whole thing for normal and do not see it for the doubtful excrescence that in fact it is. The proper thing is for parents to have to take responsibility and to do the best they can, even in the dark. I regret the squeezing out of the old Dames' schools for the poor, because they did and still do offer a choice. Even their loudly-trumpeted imperfections seem small compared with the advantages their numbers afforded. In short, I cannot abide the notion of a Hilpe lining up in the queue to be spoon-fed by the State and given all the stock judgments in everything. Alfred looks like being a car-fiend and I cannot offer to have him here. But rather than see the Hilpes abdicate like this to snatch petty and probably illusory advantages for themselves, I will myself provide, reluctantly but solvently, the funds necessary to send him to any private preparatory school—the third advertised in the current issue of "The Queen" or "The Lady" or even the A.B.C.—it is a purely speculative venture, but it is better than your suggestion for reckless economy.

Your affect. uncle,

ROBERT.

Edward Hilpe made no sort of trouble about accepting the money, and there are even further letters in this bundle dealing with the somewhat numerous extras charged for by the selected school, and the question of who should defray them.

Tierra del Fuego

By Elizabeth Belloc

WHERE the north wind from the Andes
Makes for the freezing foam,
In the waste land of Magellan,
Was a heart grown sick for home.
A woman who sang of Hungary,
Of the sun and the sultry weather
And the reapers reaping together
By the great river of Europe—
A strange and homesick cry
Of the Iron Crown of St. Stephen
And the Danube rolling by.

Over the Straits of Magellan,
In a black land bare of trees,
The bitter wind from the mountains
Shrieks to the Polar seas.
The inn stands by the harbour,
And I heard a woman sing
A song with a sound of weeping,
Of the sunburnt reapers reaping,
Of the great plain of the Danube—
The song of the Sword of Stephen
And the Crown that waits for a king.

Intellectual Nomads

By Herbert Agar

THE moral crisis which our Western world now faces is the result of a weakening of our faith in life itself. All the other "signs of the times" are mere symptoms of this basic evil; so it is important to examine the nature and causes of our loss of faith. It is not a new thing that is happening. The same loss has come upon all previous civilizations. The new thing will be if we can detect the disease in time to keep it from destroying us.

At a certain point in the history of every culture, people begin to waver in their belief that man and his destiny are of transcendent importance. This faith is a simple, instinctive thing. The intellect is never quite at ease with it, although in the buoyant youth of a culture the intellect is overborne. But slowly the intuitive faith wanes, while the sceptical intellect grows more and more proud. The pride, however, is short-lived. For at the moment of triumph, the meaning drains out of life; and at that moment the disease of civilization begins.

There are two signs that a culture has reached this state; and both of them are present in our world. The first sign has been described by Spengler: "There suddenly emerges into the bright light of history a phenomenon that has long been preparing itself underground and now steps forward to make an end of the drama—*the sterility of civilized man.* This is not something that can be grasped as a plain matter of Causality (as modern science naturally enough has tried to grasp it); it is to be understood as an essentially *metaphysical* turn towards death. . . . Children do not happen, not because children have become impossible, but primarily because intelligence at the peak of intensity can no longer find any reason for their existence." This declining birth-rate has no cause that can be scientifically, or economically, expressed. It is not the result of necessity, or of far-

sighted choice, but merely of the repeated decision of individual men and women to spare themselves trouble and expense. Children are no more troublesome than they have always been; but the will to submit to that particular form of trouble is declining. It is a matter of instinct; and Spengler's phrase, "a metaphysical turn towards death," is the best description.

Another sign of the unhealthy state of our culture is the emergence of the intellectual nomad—the characteristic product of our age, as of all similar ages in the past. He is the rootless intellect that wanders over the worlds of art and thought and religion. He is interested in Buddha and Lao-Tze and the customs of the Trobrianders; he is pleased with African sculpture and Japanese prints and the pottery of American Indians. He is a nomad intellectually; and when his economic state permits it, he is a nomad physically as well. For he can live his homeless, clever life as well in Berlin or Paris as in London or New York. At first, the new nomad expects to take the best from every religion and every form of thought, and so to produce a synthetic faith in which an intelligent man can believe. But in his later, more sophisticated state, he knows that he will never believe in anything again.

The two stages in the growth of the nomad-type are illustrated by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Aldous Huxley. Mr. Wells stands for the simple optimism with which the rootless mind first approaches the problems of life. To be sure, Mr. Wells occasionally turns aside from his Utopias to predict fearful calamities for the Western world; but this is merely to frighten us into doing what he says with the minimum of delay. Actually, he foresees a rosy future for people with uprooted and "liberated" minds. What he does not foresee is that the free intelligence he so greatly admires will soon stand self-discredited, and that what is really being discovered in those white and shining laboratories of his dreams is an annihilating doubt. It is Mr. Huxley's generation that has fallen heir to that

doubt, finding itself too wise for faith, too bored for enthusiasm.

> Je suis l'Empire à la fin de la décadence,
> Qui regarde passer les grands Barbares blancs,
> En composant des acrostiches indolents
> D'un style d'or où la langueur du soleil danse.

This is the fated end of the new nomadism. It begins with a feeling of relief at being no longer bound to any place or faith or institution; it begins with a vulgar love of physical exploits and with a vision of a clean, efficient heaven. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, it passes into the second stage and breeds the ironic, disillusioned, cultivated, listless commentator upon life's absurdities. We are producing this second type in quantity to-day; and if we do not renew ourselves we shall reach in time an Asiatic stage of decay wherein a few fantastically cultured people live with a tired politeness, surrounded by unmeaning, pessimistic violence.

The change that is coming over our world cannot be blamed upon the machine age. This may have hurried the process by offering us a wealth of futile distractions; but if we were healthy within ourselves we should be able to control the machine age and turn it into a good. What, then, is the explanation of our inner weakening, if we cannot blame it on physical surroundings? The answer may be suggested as follows: like all other civilizations, as we reached maturity we began to show an interest in natural science, we began to see the world in terms of causation and of practical results as well as in terms of poetry and religion. And this utilitarian treatment of nature has had exciting consequences. Therefore, many men, as they see the machines and the feats of prediction that have been made possible by natural science, have come to feel that the form of thought leading to such accomplishments must be the one path to truth. In other words, they have abandoned their immediate knowledge of life, as expressed in religion and poetry and the institutions of their

civilization, and they have put all their trust in the practical, conceptual knowledge of life that science is collecting. Reason, as conceived by science, has become the standard of judgment, and hence a large part of the beliefs and practices of Western man are condemned out of hand as relics from a primitive time. But unhappily, many of these condemned practices are what have given form and value to the life of our world. They, and the institutions in which they were embodied, were man's chief help in his struggle to lead a good life. When the help is withdrawn, and man is left unguided save by his own frail mind and brief experience—with an occasional unkind hint from the psychologist or anthropologist—then the modern débâcle begins. And the true sign of this débâcle is not the so-called wave of immorality in conduct; it is the wave of weariness and despair. Indifference, hopelessness, tired light-mindedness—these are the sins that bring ruin, for they deny the very conditions that make a good life possible. No benefit will come to society from any life, however fine individually, built on doctrines which destroy the supports that common man must have to protect him from the measureless cynicism of a guilty conscience. For it is this that is at the root of present-day despair. We have grown so intelligent that we no longer believe in original sin; and since we do not believe in it, we do not deal with it. Therefore, our sense of guilt festers within us. And the commonest sign of the infection is cynicism, or else relentless frivolity, among the cultivated classes, and a chaos of vulgar creeds—of Yogis and Mother Eddys and Aimee Macphersons—among those who lack even the protection of taste.

I contend, then, that the truly alarming symptoms in the modern world are the disillusionment with life—which I described as a loss of inner vitality—and the intellectual nomadism that accompanies this disillusionment. These states of mind have appeared at the decline of every previous civilization of which we have record. It is my thesis that they must appear whenever the

institutions that have supported a civilization begin to weaken, and man is left to cope alone with his desires and his sense of guilt. There may be many individual men and women who are able to do this, and who can save their own souls in a perishing world. But society they cannot save, except by saving the institutions without which society is impossible.

If this thesis be accepted, and the need for institutions be admitted, there are still two courses of action from which to choose. We may seek to strengthen the old institutions, or to establish new ones. When the problem is stated in this manner, it sounds as if it were a simple choice between going forward or backward. Faced with such a choice, the true modern man will always say, "Forward, of course." "Forward" sounds progressive; it sounds like the sort of thing the newspapers are always advocating; whereas "backward" sounds unworthy of the race that has so recently discovered evolution. The difficulty with the policy of "forward," however, is that it tends to be meaningless. The only radically new institutions that are being offered our world to-day are the institutions of Soviet Russia. Those to whom the policy of "forward" means the support of Bolshevism know where they stand—or many of them do. They may be fought or befriended; but they should not be despised, for they are at least attempting to deal with life, which is more than can be said for many of the so-called supporters of the present order. The people who are indefensible are those who take no stand at all—those who do not desire Bolshevism, will not co-operate to preserve existing society, and yet have no alternative plan in mind. Such people abound in our world of intellectual nomads. They consider themselves progressive and liberal on the grounds that they dislike the present, disapprove of the past, but still trust inanely to the future. They are waiting for someone to invent a new way of life, a new faith, which will be acceptable to modern thought but which will at the same time

preserve all the advantages of the old way of life and the old faith. In practice, this attitude amounts to doing nothing while our world rips towards its Spenglerian doom. For a way of life, a faith upon which a whole society can rest, cannot be invented like a new engine. It must come from everywhere, or seemingly from nowhere, and permeate the whole people. It must be a religious force, an unconscious acceptance of one exclusive view of man's destiny. Western man has had such a faith, and it is going from him. Our problem, therefore, is clear: we must either strengthen the spiritual basis of our present world, accepting the task of reconciling and adapting the machine age to the traditions of Christian Europe, or we must face the prospect of a revolution so complete as to resemble extinction. We are deluding ourselves if we believe there is a middle ground. The witty, cynical, guilt-burdened product of an institutionless society cannot compete with the concentrated energy of the revolutionary impulse spreading from Russia. We must either replenish the strength of the old order or give way before the strength of the new. And we are deluding ourselves if we imagine that the supplanting of our society by Bolshevism will be a form of evolution. The world might be a better place after the supplanting had occurred; but *our* world would not be a better place. For it would not be a place at all. It would no longer exist.

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

(*Being Extracts from the Diary of Mr. Charles Fiddington, Gentleman*).

August 2nd.—I had the good fortune to be present at the second Mammoth Peace Jamboree at the Albert Hall, which was even a greater success than the first. The prettiest moment was when a deputation of Mexican girl-guides presented the Prime Minister with a red, white and blue bouquet. This was the signal for the massed bands of the Salvation Army to break into "Land of Hope and Glory," and the whole of the vast audience, with tears streaming down its face, sprang to its feet and stood to attention, while Mr. Lloyd George gave a military salute.* Outside the hall, so great was the enthusiasm that the traffic was completely disorganized for the rest of the day, and delirious crowds, carrying banners and distributing leaflets, wandered about from street to street. If the Disarmament Conference can direct all this enthusiasm, there will soon not be another gun left in the civilized world—except, of course, for the armaments which are essential to this country for carrying out her duty all over the earth.

As I came away from the meeting a stranger gripped my hand and said in a shaky voice, "Guv'nor, this is a bit of orlright." I replied, "You bet it is." "Gloucestershire," he began, and then almost broke down, as he pointed to the latest cricket news. His disengaged hand held a large flag bearing the name of a small South American republic.†

August 3rd.—The recent protest made by a few Somersetshire yokels, who claimed that electric drills were damaging the foundations of their homes, has been repeated in another village. It seems that even the thorough education which the State is only too willing to provide for all its children does not succeed in con-

* He himself had just finished crying. But he cried again later.

† "San Salvador is with us," was the legend on the banner.

vincing the reactionaries that they must try to live in the twentieth century. If they say they do not want automatic telephones, they must be taught to want them at once. And what kind of an ancient house must it be that suffers from the mere vibration caused by up-to-date machinery? If they object to the laying of a mere telephone cable, how will they greet the construction of an aerodrome? The advance of progress is relentless, and the weakest must go to the wall. Those who can become sentimental about a damp and dilapidated cottage, without electric light or a bathroom, do not deserve buildings like the Dorchester Hotel.*

August 4th.—Mr. John Drinkwater, it is said, will be asked to perform the ceremony at the unveiling of a tablet let into the wall of the hotel bedroom where Mr. Carl Laemmle, the film magnate, once spent a night, while on a visit to England.

August 5th.—The report of the Committee appointed in April 1923 to enquire into traffic conditions in London makes interesting reading. By no means the least valuable suggestion is that pedestrians should stay indoors unless they have any definite and pressing business out of doors. One way of enforcing this would be for the police to issue permits to bona fide pedestrians; that is to say, to anybody who could prove that he had a good reason for being in the streets. It is also interesting to read that 123,746 vehicles passed the Cavell monument between eight o'clock p.m. on June 3rd, 1926 and eleven o'clock a.m. on June 9th, 1926; that indigestion often causes bad driving; that red-haired drivers take more risks than others; and that men drive heavy lorries better than women.†

By the way, I noticed the report of a curious accident, due to carelessness, the other day. The driver of a small car became confused by the red, yellow, green and purple lights on the islands in a main thoroughfare. As

* How true!

† Probably owing to a sisyphus complex.

part of the road was up, he thought the red signal was only a red lantern to mark the part under repair. Jars of green, blue, yellow and red liquid in a chemist's shop at the corner still further confused him. Losing his head, he accelerated, and ran into the night-watchman's hut. His comment, "God help the sailors on a night like this!" was not taken in good part by the policeman who arrested him.

August 6th.—The traffic question is still absorbing my attention. In a weekly review I have come across what seems to me to be a very sound suggestion. A correspondent suggests that the drab surface of the roadway should be painted in gay colours, so that the driver of a vehicle would be attracted to the road rather than to his surroundings. This, it is thought, would help to get rid of a great deal of careless driving, especially in the country districts, where motorists are often too prone to gaze about them in all directions. The beauty of a coloured road must be used to counterbalance the charms of meadow and upland.*

August 7th.—One thing is clear in the present political situation. We want a leader. Policies, theories, programmes will follow in due course. The first step is to choose the leader. Afterwards it will be time enough to ask him whither he intends to lead us. We also need effort and action, and a new view-point. If anything at all is to be done, we must make up our minds to do it now, whatever it may be. Only yesterday Sir Henry Cranston was saying, "There are plenty of opportunities for the right man in the right place." And if anything further were needed to give a fillip to the policy of reconstruction, there is the recent report of the Committee of Regeneration and Social Rationalization of Ways and Means. Meanwhile, until the leader arises, we might do worse than employ our time in giving the People Purer Milk.

* This sentence seems to have been stolen from a speech made by the Minister of Transport to a deputation of house-painters.

August 8th.—Everybody is applauding the action of the Board of Works in entrusting the large equestrian statue of Lord Greenwood to a committee of Sculptors and artists. The task is of such importance that one brain, however cunning the hand that acts for it, is not sufficient to cope with it. The pooling of talent is bound to give better results. Also, steps are being taken to avoid the repetition of an unfortunate occurrence which is still fresh in the public mind, by finding room on the committee for a well-known authority on horses, who will place his knowledge at the disposal of the Sculptors and artists. A site has yet to be chosen for the statue. How about putting it outside Paddington station or Euston station, where Irish travellers would see it on their arrival in this country?*

August 9th.—Mr. Heard, the great scientist, has written a book about the "Social Substance of Religion." He describes the Founder of the Christian Church as "inenarrable." That needed saying. Popular religion he regards as a drug,† which shows that he does not try, like so many writers, to startle us with unfamiliar thoughts.

August 10th.—The breach in the R.S.P.C.A. is widening, and latest reports show that the Left or progressive wing is so exasperated by the behaviour of the Right, that it has decided to be as cruel as possible to all animals on every conceivable occasion. At the last fully attended meeting the chairman was called a disgusting hog, and a live mouse in a trap was flung on to the platform. Several pigeon-fanciers were stunned when the chair and table-throwing began, and in one part of the hall the chorus, "How can a guinea-pig wag his tail?" was chanted ironically. The chairman appealed for order, and said that he did not believe half the people present had any interest at all in animals, one way or the other. There were boos and cat-calls,

* A very pretty idea.
† Or opiate.

and some more mice were thrown, while one of the members attempted to read a paper on the Chinese treatment of singing-birds. When the hat was taken round a conjuror in the audience produced a rabbit from it, and accused the chairman of maltreating the little animal. The chairman retorted that it was not his hat, and was vigorously contradicted by two ladies, one of whom fell from the dais and was bitten by a stray mad dog.* The meeting broke up in wild disorder after the police had been summoned. Two youths who, with the aid of a rug, were pretending to be a lion, were arrested, and the chairman had to sneak out by a back door, wearing a false beard.

August 11th.—We do not seem to be getting much news of the Liberal Party. Surely it is time there was another "rally."†

August 12th.—Everybody is talking of the very interesting contest which is to take place shortly. A Roumanian living in America has made a bet that he will beat a tree-sitting preacher in a race round the world by aeroplane. That is to say, the preacher will climb into a tree of his own choice at the moment the Roumanian starts his engine, and will have to preach without a pause, while sitting in the tree, until after the Roumanian's return from his world flight. It is really a contest between the Static and the Dynamic, and although there can be no comparison, the lessons to be learnt from both achievements will be absolutely invaluable. Tree-sitting was on the point of dying out until the growing popularity of the sermon gave it a new lease of life. The only question is whether clergymen should wear the uniforms of their ministry while sitting in trees, or whether they should not rather dress in a more unconventional manner.‡

* No harm resulted, as she herself was already mad.

† Be patient, sir.

‡ For a discussion of this matter, see "Clothes and the Church: What Should Clergymen Wear in Trees?" by Rudolf Gadban. (Medlicott & Medlicott. 21s.)

August 13*th*.—It is good news that a Pedestrians' Advisory Board is to be set up at last. Its officials will be plain-clothes policemen, whose duty it will be to mingle freely with people in the streets and to proffer advice in the matter of crossing the road. They will be empowered to dissuade a pedestrian from using certain streets, and to urge upon him the advantage of certain others. They will also be encouraged to arrest and detain all whose road-sense does not satisfy them.

August 14*th*.—As I write the Anthroposophical Holiday Conference is in full swing, at Deganwy in North Wales. One of its holiday tasks is to investigate the cosmic consciousness in Man, as it is affected by the spiritual phases of our earth-nature, and the physiognomical evolution of human consciousness *qua* human consciousness, as opposed to the essential elemental quality in the lower stages of animal consciousness. I only became interested in all this through a book which a friend sent to me, by a German called Strohmenger. The author set out to prove that if you give an animal the same chances as a man it will gradually evolve into a higher form of life. Experiments were made by reading passages from Goethe to a cow.* At first the cow ran away, but later was coaxed into remaining until the reading was over. A sphagnometer, strapped over the cow's heart, showed that a definite effect was produced by the reading. When an overture of Wagner was played by a small orchestra the cow foamed at the mouth and lashed out to right and left. A goat, on the other hand, remained passive throughout the playing of the overture. Bach was next tried. The cow was violently sick, and the goat walked away. Obviously much ground has yet to be travelled before science can lay claim to any startling advance.

August 16*th*.—It struck me again the other day that the arrangements at fashionable weddings leave much to be desired. Some weeks ago we had to stand on our pews

* A belted Hereford from Maidstone.

to get a glimpse of the bride and bridegroom, and one girl, standing near me, was badly scratched by a pet monkey whom someone had brought. The clergyman in charge of the ceremony had to speak quite sternly about the burst of laughter that greeted his slip of the tongue, when he put his hand on the bridegroom's head and declared the stone to be well and truly laid. There was a free fight in the entrance, and the public succeeded in breaking down the police barrier. After the ceremony a dray-horse slipped and fell outside the church, and there was another rush to look at it. Those who wanted to see the bride, and those who wanted to see the horse, pushed and swayed until there was a fire alarm at the top of the street, and the engines dashed up. Everybody, including the guests, rushed off to see the fire. Rather a muddled business.

August 17th.—The Charing Cross Bridge Advisory Committee has decided to appoint a committee to inquire into the rejection by sub-committee No. 2 of the plan recommended three years ago by a Special Committee appointed by the Committee. If the investigations come to anything, another Committee will probably be appointed to investigate the findings of the Special Committee.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE whole international situation has been for the past month under the influence of events in Germany, and it is a melancholy reflection upon modern statesmanship that these events have swayed the men in whose hands the destinies of the world are supposed to rest instead of being moulded by them. The Seven Power Conference in London at the end of July was a sorry farce, though if it has impressed upon the ordinary citizen the nakedness of the land so far as leadership is concerned it will have served at any rate one useful purpose. The Conference was, in effect, convened, not to do anything, for there was nothing it could do, but to make the public believe that something was being done; even in this it failed, and deservedly so.

Leaving on one side, for the moment, the immediate issues at stake, this failure raises the whole question of the utility of international conferences to-day. There can, of course, be no doubt that if the ground is prepared in advance, and those who meet together are honestly desirous of reaching an agreement, an exchange of views over the table is likely to be more effective than one through the usual diplomatic channels, but if these preliminary conditions are not fulfilled then a conference is almost certain to prove worse than useless. Just as an analysis is not a solution, so a conference is not by any means necessarily a settlement. In view, too, of the limelight which in these democratic days statesmen always contrive to have cast upon their movements, a conference cannot be held without attracting widespread attention, and thus rousing the most extravagant hopes; consequently, if it is not completely successful, it must occasion great disappointment in many quarters, and so it will leave matters far worse than it found them.

Seven years after the Treaty of Vienna was signed, Canning, who had recently succeeded Castlereagh at the Foreign Office, turned his back upon his predecessor's

policy of participation in all and every international conference, and avowed his preference for direct communication between the nations in the old form. The results justified his attitude, and it may well be that ere long the Foreign Office will have to return to it, for a few more such assemblies as the Seven Power Conference will render the position of every Foreign Minister in Europe impossible. Unfortunately, a conference affords an opportunity for politicians, anxious to posture before the world as statesmen, to display their personal vanity, and while politicians of this type are in office there is little chance of any modification of what is becoming a very grave danger, namely, government by conference.

The "Old Soldier's" Game

WHAT is becoming every day more clear is that the German crisis in its origin is political, and not financial and economic. The policy of successive Governments has been to escape from the limitations imposed by the Treaty of Versailles, but so maladroitly has this been executed that Germany is to-day less her own mistress than at any time since the Armistice. She has played the "old soldier" for so long that she has frightened her own people, and the flight from the mark, which was primarily a flight on the part of Germans, was the result. Germany, in short, wished the world to think that she was ill, and that the right prescription was foreign capital and a moratorium in the matter of Reparation payments, but she described her symptoms in so alarming a manner that the world concluded she was dying, with consequences exceedingly unpleasant to herself.

If proof of the political nature of the trouble be wanted it lies in the relevant figures. During the years from 1924 to 1929 Germany's exports of manufactured goods increased from £281·7 million to £491·6 million, while the exports of manufactures by the United Kingdom declined from £618·6 million to £573·8 million.

When the slump came German exports in 1930 dropped by about 8 per cent. to £451·8 million, while the exports of the United Kingdom decreased by about 22 per cent. to £439·7 million, so that last year Germany actually exported £12·1 million worth of manufactured goods more than did the United Kingdom, and this total represents the export of domestic products only, exclusive of Reparation deliveries. These statistics, which are taken from official German sources, certainly do not lend much colour to the theory that Germany is passing through an economic crisis of unexampled magnitude.

The real weakness of Germany has lain in the fact that, with the possible exception of Stresemann, she has not possessed a statesman worth the name since the war, and so her present tribulations must be laid at the door of the democratic régime which was set up on the fall of the monarchy. These "moderate" German politicians, of whom we have heard so much in the British Press of late, have shown themselves quite incompetent, and have brought to the brink of disaster a country that is feeling the world slump relatively less than its principal competitor. If ever democracy has proved itself bankrupt, it has been in post-war Germany.

The Prussian Referendum

IF the German internal situation is in reality relatively simple, it is not made easy by the British Press for its readers to understand. Those who have brought Germany to its present state are for some unaccountable reason the heroes of a section of Fleet Street, and even the nominally Conservative papers hold up the German Socialists to admiration as exercising a moderating influence. Why Socialism should represent moderation in one country and extremism in another is a mystery which only a Press lord can solve, just as the ordinary layman does not find it easy to understand why sedition in Burma leads to the scaffold and in India to an invitation to talk matters over with the Viceroy. The truth,

of course, is that for the most part the popular Press in this country, whatever its nominal party allegiance, invariably plays the game of the Left.

In these circumstances, the British public would do well to be on its guard against statements to the effect that the recent Prussian Referendum marked the beginning of the end of Nationalism and National Socialism. What actually happened was that the advocates of an immediate dissolution of the Prussian Diet received nearly ten million votes out of a total of some twenty-six million, or roughly the same percentage as sufficed in Great Britain to return Mr. Baldwin to office in 1924 at the head of the strongest Government that, so far as its majority went, had been known for many years. What made this achievement the more remarkable was the fact that the issue at stake was not such as would naturally make a great appeal to the mass of voters. It may be that the tide is turning against Hitler and Hugenburg, but the Referendum figures prove nothing, and the real test of the strength of the Right will not come until the presidential election of next year.

Meanwhile, the ordinary German elector is between the devil and the deep sea, for he must choose between those who have landed him in his present difficulties and those whose remedies are so distasteful to his creditors that the application of them may well make his position worse. It is, indeed, an unpleasant predicament, but it is one for which the German nation itself is principally responsible. The Hoover Plan, as M. Charles Benoist well described it in a letter the other day, is "*déjà du rétrospectif, et de la pire espèce : du rétrospectif avorté.*" France saved herself five years ago, and Germany must do likewise.

The Need of Stability

IT is quite clear that for some time to come it will be impossible to regard Germany as a stable factor in European politics, and for this reason those who urge a

closer understanding between that country and Great Britain are advocating the adoption of a very dangerous course. What is needed above everything else is that the three Powers which do stand for stability and progress, that is to say, France, Italy, and Great Britain, should work together, and with this end in view action should at once be taken to remove the misunderstandings that at present keep them apart. There can be no doubt whatever that the conclusion of an Anglo-Franco-Italian Entente would at once exercise the most beneficial influence upon the whole international situation.

Some years ago Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, in his *Pan-Europe* (Knopf. $2·50), pointed out the need for European solidarity, and his arguments have lost none of their force through the passage of time. In this work he drew a comparison between the state of Europe to-day and that of Greece in the years that followed the conclusion of the Peloponnesian War, and he showed the possibility of Russia playing the part of Macedonia. Since this book was written in 1923 the forces making for stability have suffered more than one reverse, while Great Britain, as a result of the Locarno Pact, has become further involved in the affairs of the Continent; such being the case, the danger resulting from disunion is greater than ever, and it now affects this country very closely indeed. Isolation, splendid or otherwise, is as impossible as it is undesirable.

It should, therefore, be the first task of the governments in Rome, Paris, and London to settle the outstanding differences between them, and to formulate a common policy in respect of all the major problems of the moment. If a disturbed Spain and a divided Germany are not to become sources of the gravest danger to their neighbours it will only be because the latter have made up their minds that such shall not be the case, and have taken the necessary steps to translate their determination into definite action. It may suit the incompetent democratic politicians of to-day to declare that they are

confronted with questions of the utmost gravity, but in reality it is not the problems which are so big, but the politicians who are so small.

Turbulent Spain

THE Spanish Republic is slowly but surely drifting on to the rocks, and it is an interesting commentary upon its regime of liberty that far more people have lost their lives during the four months of republican rule than during the six years of the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera. The Cortes is the bear-garden that it was under the First Republic, strikes accompanied by violence are becoming the normal state of affairs in all parts of the Peninsula, and only the *Guardia Civil* stands between the country and anarchy. In short, the very situation has been produced which Señor Zamora told King Alfonso could only be prevented by the latter's withdrawal from his kingdom.

It is, of course, true that a great deal of the unrest is due to the fact that Spain is now for the first time beginning to feel the effects of the world slump, but that is by no means the whole story, and the insane prejudice which the present Government is displaying against everything connected with its monarchical predecessors is the most potent cause of the disorders which are everywhere taking place. For example, the disturbances in Aragon are due to the abandonment of the Ebro hydro-electric and irrigation scheme, which was begun by the Directory, and bid fair to render productive a large district which had hitherto been almost barren. Because this work owed its inception to General Primo de Rivera the republican authorities have abandoned it, with the most disastrous consequences to the population of the area affected.

The seriousness of the situation is not generally appreciated abroad, for the reason that Madrid, which is neither an industrial nor a commercial centre, is not suffering from republican misrule to the same extent as

the rest of the country, and it is at Madrid that most foreigners attempt to gauge Spanish opinion. The British Press, with the honourable exception of the *Morning Post*, rarely represents the position in its true light, and those who wish to know what is really happening cannot do better than read the articles on Spain that are appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. They are both accurate and informative accounts of the progress of events, and are not coloured in the interests of the Left in the way that is only too often the case with those that find their way into our own Press.

The Catalan Problem

AT the moment of writing, the most urgent problem that the Republic has to face is that of Catalonia, and it is a singularly complicated one. Colonel Macia, who recalls in many ways both Garibaldi and Boulanger, is dependent to a large extent upon the support of the *Sindicato Unico*, which, in its turn, is using both him and the Catalan National movement to further its own ends. The general body of Catalan opinion has no desire to push Spain too far, for that country is Catalonia's best market, but the extremists are actuated by no such feelings of moderation, and upon them does the Barcelona Government depend. Indeed, so unscrupulous are they in their choice of means that they have been by no means unconnected with the troubles that have broken out in Andalusia and other parts of the Peninsula.

The position of Madrid is not rendered any easier by the fact that when the republican leaders were plotting against the monarchy they made the widest promises to the Catalans in order to gain their support against the throne, and it is these promises that they are now being asked to honour. When they were in opposition the present rulers of Spain were all for the application of federalism upon an extensive scale, but the impracticability of this has now become apparent to them, and in these circumstances it is particularly galling to have the

Catalans continually reminding them of their earlier heresies. Nor is this all, for the Basques are also taking their profession of federal faith quite literally, and what the Basques want is a Catholic Navarre ruled by the Pretender, Don Jaime de Borbón. It is all very trying for gentlemen who would like to be able to eat their words quietly in a well-paid post, and without any publicity.

Meanwhile, King Alfonso, however many mistakes he may have made while he was on the throne, has rightly preserved a dignified silence since he left his country. It is a hard task for a patriot to watch his native land being ruined before his eyes, but undoubtedly he is pursuing the correct policy in not attempting to precipitate matters. The monarchical cause will in the end benefit by the line he is taking and, if the exiled king plays his cards right, in the person of his third son, the Infante Don Juan.

Literary Notes

IT is extraordinary how detached one gets from the literary movements of London as soon as one is removed from the place. At this date in August, I am in the depths of the Highlands, five hundred miles from London. To-day's *Times* reaches here to-morrow, whatever may have been happening in India, in Germany, or at Lord's. The village bazaar is approaching, and Mrs. Ronald MacAuchterlony, of Balquhidderary, is opening it. There are grouse on the hill and fish in the loch; and, at every meal, both on the table; and when, healthily weary, one retires to bed after a little peaceful music, one picks up anything that may be going from shelves and tables to prepare one for sleep.

* * *

Last night, for example, I took up three books, which could not have been more diverse. One was "Uncle Remus," one was René Fülöp-Miller's "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," and one was "Two Years in the Forbidden City," by a lady with the unlikely name of the Princess Der Ling, which was published by Fisher Unwin a couple of years before the war. The Princess was daughter of Lord Yu Keng, a member of the White Banner Corps, and one of the most enlightened officials in China. For two years she was a maid-of-honour to the great Empress Dowager; later, she married an American and set down her reminiscences of the Empress and the Court. When the book appeared we had not got acclimatized to the notion of a changing China. After less than twenty years we can hardly believe that, so recently, there was a Chinese Empire with a Son of Heaven at the head of it, run by mandarins graded by buttons and peacocks' feathers, capable of waging (however inefficiently) a national war, only just rid of the pigtail, and represented at the Court of St. James's by a polite old gentleman called by the fairy-tale name of Lord Li. When the book first came out I did not

read it. It would have seemed one piece of hasty and amateurish book-making amongst thousands; now it is an historical document and a romance of far-away and long-ago.

* * *

¶ Fülöp-Miller's book, now five years old, I had read when it first appeared, and it still seems to me more illuminating than any of the books which have been written about Bolshevik Russia. He wrote before the era of the Five Years' Plan, but he had a perfect grasp of the mentality which produced the Five Years' Plan. He saw the Bolshevik chiefs not merely as a group of fanatical Socialists and Atheists, but as a body of people, chiefly concerned with Russia, *au fond* (if unconsciously) patriotic, and determined to transform a mediæval society into a modern one in a few years, and to make a nation of day-dreaming incompetents into an efficient, and therefore happier and healthier, people.

* * *

¶ We are often told that Russia is being Americanized: mass-production, the machine, Taylorian scientific management, are the idols of Russia's governors. As Fülöp-Miller saw it, the Bolsheviks perceived that the Russians could only be shifted by a religion, and all the old hankerings for person-worship and ikon-worship have been deliberately transferred to new objects, the desire of the reformers being to do with the Russians by a religious appeal what could not be done by an appeal to reason and common sense. The fact that Russia has a Punctuality League (to which all civil servants compulsorily belong) does not necessarily mean that the slack rest of the world is being threatened by a race of punctual super-men, but that heroic efforts are being made by the Bolsheviks to make *some* impression on the most unpunctual race in the world, the race that invented the word "nichevo." The Bolsheviks, I fancy, have done

more in the interval than our author expected: it would be useful were he to visit Russia again and publish a new and enlarged edition.

* * *

¶ Thus, on a holiday, does one browse. I have glanced at "The Secret of an Empress" and at "Twenty Years among Wild Beasts in India," which sounds as though it had been written by Mowgli, but wasn't. Conversation about books I have been offered little, and have staved off most of that which has been offered. But I did, one evening, have an interesting conversation with an extremely keen-witted man of affairs. It began with the rapidly changing fashions in women's hats: in point of fact, with the so-called bowler. It proceeded to the "flair" that some buyers are alleged to have with regard to public demand months hence, and then we got on to publishing. I was asked, very bluntly and directly, whether publishers and their readers made a scientific study of their market, and whether any of them were noted for their ability to "sense" beforehand the movements of public taste. I couldn't very easily reply, as I cannot claim an intimate knowledge of the publishing world. And I was aware that, even if I had possessed that knowledge, my lack of commercial instinct might have led me to have overlooked all kinds of aptitudes and strokes of genius amongst the publishers. Nevertheless, I was bold, with every kind of reservation, to say that I did not really believe that any publisher or reader in London ever seriously considered the future movements of taste, as apart from the intrinsic merits of individual books. Readily enough will publishers look for "shockers" if "shockers" seem to be "going," or bright biographies if bright biographies have begun to succeed; but I have never heard one of them say "Six months hence any book about Japan or the Pope or Cruelty to Animals will succeed," though, as one looks in retrospect, one does find that in certain seasons books

on certain subjects have sold, which would have fallen flat in other seasons.

All I could suggest in the end was that the majority of readers were now women, that the feminine mind was subject to incomprehensible tides of interest, and that, were scientific methods to be introduced into publishing, publishers would have paid diners-out who made a point of talking to intelligent and curious women with a view to divining their general interests and their curiosity about particular authors. With most of them, I suspect, it is with art and morals (theoretic, of course) what it is with hats: the new is more amusing than the true.

PETER PIPER.

Reviews of Books

FACETS OF THE CHINESE QUESTION. By E. MANICO GULL. (Benn, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. GULL tells us in his preface that the purpose of this book is "to link some of his experiences in China with the knowledge and reflections which they produced and to present them so linked in a series of studies relevant to the affairs of China at the present moment." More precisely he explains that, "while making no attempt to cover the whole ground, he seeks to relate certain modern issues to some of their antecedents, more particularly those of an intellectual and spiritual character." In his last chapter, summarizing his knowledge and reflections, he confesses that "the strongest impression which the picture leaves on his own mind, and should therefore leave on the reader's too, is the intellectuality of the Chinese." Moreover, he explains that the earliest of his narrated experiences—a journey to the Bohea hills—aroused in him an interest in Chinese æsthetics which increased at every subsequent stage. Such being the case, it is not surprising that, throughout these otherwise uncorrelated essays, there should continually recur trains of thought and lines of argument, all tending to show that China's "protracted medievalism" and her "failures in the practical field," may be largely due to certain qualities of æstheticism and spirituality in the Chinese character, which the world at large has hitherto failed to appreciate at their proper value.

Mr. Gull's chief concern is with spiritual and intellectual China. Thus, whether he is discussing Confucianism as the core of Chinese culture, the æsthetic and mystic tendencies of the Sage, or the æsthetic influences of the written language, the future of the Shanghai Settlements or the policy of Russia in Outer Mongolia, his arguments and the authorities whom he selects to support them, are generally of a nature to emphasize the spiritual, and minimize the material, aspects of Chinese affairs. His main thesis is not without interest and his arguments—even though manifestly special pleading—are frequently ingenious; but in the end he doth protest too much. His picture of present-day China is confessedly incomplete, but as a matter of fact, it is seriously misleading, inasmuch as he deliberately subordinates "to a more interesting theme," nearly all the sociological and material facts which actually dominate the situation. It requires a peculiar kind of "highbrow" detachment to take for granted "the terrible undertone of Chinese life, the fear of battle, murder and sudden death," to gaze unmoved upon the stark realities of the tragedy that is China to-day, and to come away chiefly impressed by the "intellectuality" of the Chinese.

Mr. Gull possesses this detachment in a remarkable degree, and for this reason his book throws more light upon the mental processes of our own "Intellectuals" in politics than upon the

situation in China. Its "facets" are less those of the Chinese question than of our modern "racial equality" school of thought. In this sense, his work is instructive. It ends, as was to be expected, with the customary plea for sympathetic co-operation with China's "best elements," to achieve which end he would have us "win their respect" by graceful gestures of patient conciliation. But the identity and local habitation of these "best elements" are left, as usual, undisclosed. In the absence of light on the subject, one may presume that Mr. Gull would not look for them in the ranks of the Kuomintang oligarchy now dominant at Nanking, which has abolished freedom of opinion and the liberty of the Press, organized a vast traffic in opium for its own benefit, and made money the beginning and end of all politics. But if not there, where and how are we to discover and comfort them? J. O. P. BLAND.

INDIVIDUALISM OLD AND NEW. By JOHN DEWEY. (George Allen and Unwin. 6s.)

Two theses are defended in this brief and badly written book: first, that the reason the new world of science and technology has been culturally barren is that, in accordance with an outmoded individualism, all its benefits have been misapplied to the purpose of private pecuniary gain. Second, that the duty of modern thinkers is to accept the new corporate Socialistic society that the machine age is demanding and to seek to make it "a servant of human life." It is the second of these theses that requires comment, for it has been developed by Professor Dewey in an original and repulsive fashion.

As stated abstractly, the thesis sounds harmless; it sounds like a plea to control and direct the new mechanical world in such a way as to force it into harmony with the basic traditions and institutions of our culture. But unexpectedly enough, Professor Dewey argues that it is the traditions and institutions that must be jettisoned if they are found to hamper the best interests of the machine. "If we could inhibit the principles and standards that are merely traditional," he writes, "if we could slough off the opinions that have no living relationship to the situations in which we live, the unavowed forces that now work upon us unconsciously but unremittingly would have a chance to build minds after their own pattern." It is the human spirit, in other words, that must be suppressed, that must be convicted of *lèse-majesté* if it sets itself up against the "unavowed forces," against the mere mechanical determinism of brute matter! The spirit must be taught to accept the modern world as Necessity, and never again to appeal to "principles and standards that are merely traditional." That a famous and gifted philosopher should defend such a thesis is a fact of historical interest.

Throughout all his writings, Professor Dewey has been evolving a style of unprecedented dullness. Now at last he has attained perfection in this field. With the art that conceals art he has found a way to make even the shortest sentence seem prolix, even an epigrammatic phrase seem vague and maundering.

HERBERT AGAR.

SOME RELIGIOUS ELEMENTS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By ROSE MACAULAY. (The Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

POETRY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND. By JEAN STEWART. (The Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

MISS MACAULAY seems to believe in nothing but the weather, and not very tenaciously even in that; for after attributing the melancholy poetic sense of the Teuton to the inclement clime he inhabits, she remembers Dante, Augustine, Sophocles and the Old Testament, and is once more "smother'd in surmise," like her fellow-countryman Macbeth, from whose despairing outcry against life Miss Macaulay has borrowed the title of her best book. This inability to make up her mind comes out very strongly in the introduction to this survey of religion in English literature. The introduction, by the way, is characteristically entitled "Note," and possibly even "Note" may, on reflection, strike Miss Macaulay as a little blatant, a shade assertive. In this preliminary aside, then, Miss Macaulay divides our literature, viewed in its religious aspect, into five sections: the first, the conflict between the English and the Latin spirit; the second, between the English and the Norman; the third, between Renaissance humanism and the Churches (Catholic and Protestant); the fourth, between Anglicanism and a harsher Puritanism; and the fifth, between reason and passion. "I have entitled my sections according to this theory," Miss Macaulay concludes, "but I do not know that there is very much in it after all."

Persons given to theorizing and classifying are usually insensitive to the particular. In her fine feeling for character and atmosphere, Miss Macaulay more than makes up for her exaggerated mistrust of generalization. She discriminates sharply, to give one instance from many, between Fielding and Smollett, who are too often lumped together; and for atmosphere, one may take such a sentence as this, on Cædmon's *Genesis*: "This terror of the waste-land, this sense of the melancholy dark, is the ancient heritage of a people who knew little but bad weather and cold and stormy sea-wastes, a people to whom the late-coming spring and brief and slight summer were as flying dreams of beauty, joy, and consolation, speeding by like the kingfisher, leaving the grey and melancholy world in sadness again."

Miss Stewart, in "Poetry in France and England," has none of Miss Macaulay's diffidence in the presence of the classifying and theorizing faculties. Her aim, she tells us, is "to trace, simultaneously, the evolution of poetry in France and in England, and to show how, at certain periods, the guiding principles of the art were alike in both countries, although the application of these principles was characteristically different; and how, at other times, each country follows an entirely independent line of development."

Miss Stewart's book is well worth reading for the information she has compressed into so small a space. There is hardly a page without some interesting quotation. But the scheme of the book is confusing to the reader, who is always being rushed from France to England, and back again to France. It may, however, be the mere prejudice of habit which objects to this, English and French literature having hitherto been treated in separate books, or at any rate in separate chapters.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

WHAT IS FASCISM AND WHY? Edited by TOMASO SILLANI. (Benn. 15s. net).

MINISTERS of the present Italian Government and various specialists have combined to publish a comprehensive account of the nature, attributes, aims and achievements of Fascism. The narrative assumes at times the form of an apologia, issued to a critical world, at others that of a self-panegyric—sincere in its pride of race, its *Italianità*, naive in its trust in universal admiration, determined to defend its revolutionary conquests at all costs.

Fascism, as originally conceived and as developed in the nine years of its existence, is the monumental feat of a master-mind. So, in another sense, was Bolshevism. Mussolini and Lenin both dreamed of a new State. *Mutatis mutandis* both were confronted with national systems rotten to the core. But the greater genius of the former lay in transformation rather than in destruction as a preliminary to re-construction.

The transformation of Italy is not yet an accomplished fact. To expect it so soon would be to ask the impossible. But, if the aims of Fascism are strictly differentiated from actual achievements and methods, the Utopian vision, which it opens up, may readily be envied by nations with older and less accommodating constitutions. On the other hand, it still remains to be seen whether the Italians themselves appreciate the imposition of such brilliant reforms. Some people, either for the sake of a theory or temperamentally, prefer to be badly governed, particularly those who through long ages have persistently enjoyed the benefits of misgovernment.

There is no doubt of the grandiosity of Fascist schemes. The spirit of Imperial Rome and the Renaissance is alive, mighty and vigorously up to date. There is hardly a field of activity over which this spirit does not range with superb magnificence—whether in the rebuilding of the new Rome, or in the erection near the Ponte Milvio of the Fascist Academy, which is to cover an area of 350,000 square metres and contain a stadium capable of holding 100,000 persons, or in the wide realms of national education, including the enrolment of the whole of its youth, male and female, into the various juvenile organisations, *Avanguardisti*, *Balilla*, *Piccole* and *Giovani Italiane*, or in the development of agriculture and forestry, or in the reclamation of land, or in fine road making and railway extension, or in the National Insurance, or in measures for the protection of maternity and infancy, or in the *Dopolavoro*, the leisure-time entertainment of the working classes, or in colonial administration.

But the price to be paid for all this is notoriously heavy: and not merely financially. Only a State that involves the predominance of a single will, that is authoritative instead of negative, that has thrown overboard the dogma of popular sovereignty and affirms once again that government emanates from the Royal Power and not from Parliament, that is "totalitarian" (to use its own word), that in fact tends to become deified (and herein lies its intrinsic danger)—only such a State can hope to achieve the wonders of which its creator has dreamed.

To this end it becomes the regulator of the political, economic and moral life of the nation. In the first capacity, it enters the turbulent international arena with assurance, continuity and objectivity; in the second, under the name of Corporative State, it attempts, by a new form of syndicalism, to solve the complicated problems of Capital–Labour relationship; in the third, it hopes to reconcile the need for organisation with the harmonious development of human personality.

The fabric that has been built is imposing in the extreme. It is the work of sublime imagination, and, inasmuch as it is based on a mystic substratum, is in some ways comparable with a Herculean inspiration of Michelangelo or Wagner. For the moment it bears the imprint of freshness, enthusiasm and idealism, which puts a niggling world to shame. When a Minister of Agriculture can sing with D'Annunzio—

> Grande era l' uomo all' opra, fratello
> degli incliti eroi,
> col piede nel solco ferace.
> Italia! Italia!

we have entered a realm where modern life has shed its squalor and become romantic. But man's redemption is not so easily accomplished. It was Wotan who dreamed Walhalla, but the giants who made it at his bidding; and, when Wotan's spear

was shivered on the sword of the free child of nature, the spark that was struck laid the train which in the end sent Walhalla up in a general conflagration. J. D. GREGORY.

NEW NOVELS.

BROOME STAGES. By CLEMENCE DANE. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)
THE MOTH OF HOLINESS. By PAUL BLOOMFIELD. (John Lane. 7s. 6d.)
JOHN AND DAVID. By JAMES KENWARD. (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.)

"BROOME STAGES" is the record of a family. There have been many records of many families. Galsworthy began the fashion, and, astonished by its popularity, almost ruined it by forcing it too far. Storm Jameson has just completed her trilogy; and, in the recent "Limestone Tree," Joseph Hergesheimer recovered in a family chronicle the gifts he had appeared to have forfeited before. Some future social historian may well comment on the phenomenon and surmise that in an age in which family life could no longer flourish men sought in fiction what they lacked in fact.

The fashion has produced, on the whole, good work. "Broome Stages" is on the credit side. The history of a theatrical family has not, I think, been written before. The Broome tradition began with Richard Broome in the early eighteenth century when he fell through the roof of a barn among a company of strolling players. It was continued through the Regency, and the Victorian and Edwardian eras to the present day by his descendants. Certain of those descendants strike the imagination more than others: the great William, the gay, lively, interfering, indomitable Lady Lettice, his wife, the cold Harry and his stubborn daughter Domina, the angry, impetuous Edmund. Behind them all is the background of the theatre. The theatre is their life. To it they sacrifice their brains, their bodies, and their blood. It is the cause of their bitter inter-family quarrels and the cement of their loves.

"All the Broomes have charm," writes Miss Clemence Dane. "It is their epithet"—and for Miss Clemence Dane herself they certainly have charm. She hovers over them with her fluttering style like a mother over her children. To her they are disarming as Cleopatra to Antony. Everything becomes them. But to us they are never quite real. Though she takes us behind the scenes and into their homes we still seem to have the footlights between them and us. They are not real, but they are not dummies; they are, rather, like ghosts conjured up for us in all their moods by one who loves them; so that they are, as it were, introduced with a halo of admiration around them. They seem always to be what ordinary mortals would like to think they are being on special occasions, the success of the party, the observed of all observers.

They have inspired in Miss Clemence Dane a fertility of invention. Indeed, it would not be surprising if later writers pillage her novel for plots, as Le Sage pillaged the Spanish romances. Her characters are born and die on a dramatic note; and one can feel the satisfaction of the author, a satisfaction which extends to the reader, in her manipulation of events so that they click home surely and effectively into their appointed places. It is too good to be true to life. But why should it be true to life? In a novel, as much as in a play, the author has the licence to act the landscape-gardener with humanity. The cult of realism, of naturalism, has been overdone. Too many ends are left straggling. Truth to life is very often an excuse for lack of craftsmanship, and for that slovenliness in execution which is observable not only in literature but in every sphere of modern affairs. An engaging disorder is very different from hasty improvization, and formality unbending is more attractive than loose excess.

"The Moth of Holiness" and "John and David" are both well written; but whereas Mr. Kenward has attempted a theme beyond his capacity, Mr. Bloomfield has admirably succeeded in a slighter story. The moth of holiness is Burton's description of ambition; and Mr. Bloomfield's story is a tolerant, ironic study of the effect those who are worldlily ambitious, and those who are not, have on one another. Oliver Druce, a sensitive, conscientious young author, marries Katie, a girl who worships popular success and is determined to get on socially and financially. She is a climber in every direction, and in one delicious scene introduces Oliver to a best-selling novelist, whose work he regards as trash, and is furious with him when he ventures to hold opinions different from those of the idol of the moment. Relations become progressively strained, and Oliver eventually leaves Katie for a more sympathetic companion.

All the characters are depicted with understanding and a certain dry humour. Place them against the glittering antics of the Broomes, and they are seen to be astonishingly human and alive. Oliver Druce is a particularly good study of the quiet, unobtrusive individual who is therefore presumed to be without character by more forceful persons until they learn their lesson; and Stella is as warm and attractive to the reader as Oliver could wish. Mr. Bloomfield achieves his effects with economy and charm.

Mr. Kenward, on the other hand, is not certain of his effects. He is too discursive at times, too brief at others. "John and David" describes the jealousy and friction between two brothers some six years apart in age. We are shown John at the age of six years and two months hating his baby brother. At the age of fourteen he has thought of murdering him. At the age of twenty-five he does so. Yet though Mr. Kenward tells us again and again

of this friction between the two brothers, the murder at the end seems entirely arbitrary. The young woman whom John has wished to marry for six years finds his brother more attractive; and it is difficult to blame her, for John is very dull; he therefore pushes his brother over the cliff. If this was the climax of a passionate and jealous love it would approach comprehension; but John has known the young woman for a number of years; and their relationship has never passed beyond a lukewarm understanding.

The character of John is not made clear. He is represented at one moment as an introspective, weird child reflecting to himself. "What a queer, wandering mind he had, quite different to anybody else's"; at another as an average insurance clerk, interested in car engines, cricket scores, and other subjects not showing evidence of an unusual attitude towards life. The character of David is better visualized. But the best points of the book lie in its vignettes of familiar scenes, a classroom in summer, a fishing harbour, the daily surge along King William Street and over London Bridge. R. McNAIR SCOTT.

A NEW POLICY FOR AGRICULTURE. By F. N. BLUNDELL. With an introduction by the Right Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P. (Philip Allan. 7s. 6d. net.)

AT first sight this statement of Agricultural Policy appears to be a compendious and safe handbook, got up in the form usually adopted with brochures. At first, one is inclined to feel that in order to be "safe" and clear, deep thinking and literary style are eschewed. If, however, the form of presentation, with its irritating sub-headings is condoned, there is present some of that novelty which is claimed by the title of the book. The presentation, though it may aggravate certain readers, has the advantage of absolute clarity, and this is exhibited in the author's handling of the question of wheat. In this chapter a survey of the political and technical aspects of the Quota problem, taken together with valuable tables at the end of the book, form an addition to the literature of Agriculture, and to the Policy of the Conservative Party. The important contribution here made made by Mr. Blundell is, that he makes quite clear that the cost of the subsidy in connection with the Quota could well be shared by the consumer and miller, as well as by the State. He does not think it unreasonable to ask the British consumer to "face a possible postponement by a month or two of a reduction in the price of the cheapest loaf in the world, or a possible anticipation by a smaller period of a rise in that price." The table in Appendix IV brings out very strikingly that if a Quota were introduced, in which a price of 20s. above the average world price were guaranteed to the British farmer, the consequential maximum increase in the cost of flour in the four-pound loaf would be only .297 pence,

if there were 15 per cent. of home grown wheat in that loaf. Besides the tables there is a useful list of publications for reference.

Mr. Blundell has some interesting proposals to make about marketing, and shrewdly observes that the British public does not necessarily go for the cheapest goods. "The consumer," he says, "wants high quality and regular supply," and he suggests a new form of Statutory Trading Society to gain the confidence of the farmer in better marketing. Mr. Chamberlain, in a vigorous preface, considers that protection should precede marketing reform and not follow it, as the author of this book suggests. It is right, however, to say that the author is quite prepared to have "the open mind which must be applied to the whole field of agricultural endeavour." Had the book been published a few months later, Mr. Blundell would have been able to have included more up-to-date criticism of the Labour Marketing Bill, which it would have been interesting to read from his pen. He might also have been able to give us the benefit of his criticism of the Policy of the "Free Hand," which he has treated in his own way as the Policy of the "Open Mind." It would have been interesting to hear more of his views about Prohibition or the Date Embargo, since he very wisely observes that when the farming community considers such methods "on their merits, and not as alternatives to protection," they will receive more sympathetic study. He does not give the attention that is due to the International aspects of Agriculture, nor does he discuss the Treaty Position which faces the Agricultural Reformer. One of the most notable features is the author's belief in Arable-Stock farming. He here bases himself four-square upon the Report of the Agricultural Tribunal of Investigation. Elsewhere he claims that the landowner, who should be assisted by a remission of death duties, can be regarded as a protagonist of social reform, since the State has copied the voluntary practice of good rural estates. He wisely observes that the idea of small holdings appeals to the urban mind; that is perhaps why the Urban Labour Party has put this Policy in the forefront of its achievements.

The best value can be extracted from the book by reading it now rather than letting it age. R. A. BUTLER.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF WILLIAM BURNABY. Edited by DR. F. E. BUDD. (Partridge. 24s.)

EAST London College has become a centre of research into the byways of dramatic literature. Dr. F. E. Budd has now given us a carefully edited edition of the four plays of William Burnaby, and has added thereby greatly to our knowledge of Restoration Comedy. Surprisingly enough these works, *The Reformed Wife*, *A Lady's Visiting Day*, *The Modish Husband*, and *Love Betrayed*, have hitherto almost escaped notice; yet in truth

they are as fascinating as many far better known works of the period, and their presence in this imposing volume will definitely put them " on the map " of English dramatic literature.

They are introduced by a study of Burnaby's life and work. At the beginning Dr. Budd clears up one great mystery by assigning them firmly to William Burnaby rather than to the mythical Charles, for his researches have proved that " there's no sich a person." William, on the other hand, was part translator of the *Satyricon* of Petronius, and the present editor has left us in no doubt that William was the author of these plays.

In a way the book suffers from over-conscientiousness, for this long preface contains many matters of family history: wills, marriages and legal matters which add little to our knowledge of the literary work or even of William Burnaby himself. This is, however, almost one's only criticism; and it is a fault on the right side in these days of slipshod journalism and mal-information.

The plays themselves belong so entirely to their period that they might be parodies of Restoration drama. Completely amoral and reflecting a society where prudence and expediency had taken the place of any possible spiritual values, they fall back upon wit and diverting situation for their appeal. William Burnaby holds up a mirror to his decadent time, neither explaining nor apologising for the society he reveals. He is plain-spoken, as all dramatists of his time are; and these plays are so much a product of that time that those who love Restoration drama will regard them as a welcome addition, whilst for the others, by whom Congreve or Wycheley even are only forgiven for their wit, these works of William Burnaby will lie definitely beyond the pale.

HORACE SHIPP.

THE ODYSSEY OF AN OUT-OF-WORK. By TERENCE HORSLEY. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

MORE than twenty years ago, in the days when Mr. H. G. Wells was a man of prayer, he prayed for a race of Samaurai, and his prayer came true—voluntary service in the earliest days of the War provided them and then brought them home, some of them, in good health, without sentimentality, without enthusiasm, and without work, or altogether without it after a very short period of time. And so the profession of Ulysses was the only one left to them, wanderers in search of employment throughout the length and breadth of the land they had fought for—such was Terence Horsley at thirty-five years of age, a skilled engineer, out of a job, who walked afoot from Glasgow to London and from London almost back again, to Newcastle, in search of his proper occasion of work and maintenance.

This book is splendid reading with a real basis of reality—a man who having learnt all that the heroism of fighting with other men for the greatest of common causes could teach him, had then to fight alone, without approbation, for just his daily bread. He was tempted and tried, God and the world and the flesh and devils without number, went over him. But he was not found wanting. The only thing found wanting was his own country, which could make such splendid material and then be content to scrap it. A few, a very few, unemployables can have reached his standard, but such as there be should be made into a sort of unified dictatorship to end unemployment and the people, God knows who they are, who are making it or maintaining it. This is a great book to be read and pondered upon. The only man who could really make of it the use it deserves, is, I think, St. Francis of Assisi, a man of poverty, a man without sentimentality, but a man full of enthusiasm, a self-less one, the kind that comes from heaven and helps to redeem the world.

W. E. CAMPBELL.

THE NATURE OF BELIEF. By REV. MARTIN D'ARCY, S.J. (Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.)

REASON rediscovers herself from time to time; and it seems likely that our age will witness a reaction from the lately fashionable systems that neglected her for intuition, scepticism and sentimentality. We have discovered that because of our "little faith" civilization is rocking and rotting; we realize how disastrous it is to believe neither in the God of our grandfathers nor in the Man of our fathers. Soon we shall discover that those who are seeking to re-establish faith through an appeal solely to the *heart*, as most apologists for religion do, are bound to fail.

Fr. D'Arcy appeals to the head; he is before all things an intellectualist. In this spirit he discusses the philosophic basis of certitude, the science of psychology and the relations of desire to belief. His book is a modern version and a penetrating critique of Newman's "Grammar of Assent." His admiration for the Cardinal does not blind him to certain anti-intellectualist tendencies which Newman acquired from the philosophy of his time. The "illative sense" was altogether too misty a conception for a religious system to be based on, and it bears no good fruit to-day. Fr. D'Arcy reduces the "illative sense" to a method of reasoning which he terms "interpretation." "Interpretation"—sometimes described as "Integration"—enables us to accept certitudes the evidence for which is too vast to be itemised. The statement "that England is an island" is neither self-evident, nor logically deducible from self-evident premises. It rests on the "unity of indirect evidence," and we realize its truth by interpretation. Many truths are of this order.

Fr. D'Arcy warns us against the uncritical acceptance of the authority of scientists for statements which we can neither verify nor understand. On the subject of the validity of religious experience he points out that the term is used to-day to describe anything from the ineffable visions of St. Theresa to the emotional moods of a newspaper philosopher. In practice, arguments based on religious experience are only convincing to the experienced.

After showing us that the power to discover truth is limited not by our minds but by our characters—for it depends on application, impartiality and humility—Fr. D'Arcy gives us his conception of faith, the integration of our natures in acceptance of supernatural verity, a power not contradictory of reason, but in matters of religion complementary to it, for by faith alone can we grasp those truths to which reason has assented.

The book will come to be recognized as the most profound contribution to the philosophy of the subject of belief that has been produced in the twentieth century. It has a universal appeal, and not Roman Catholics alone but all believers in definite religious systems can find comfort in its conclusions.

IDDESLEIGH.

MRS. HOSTER'S
SECRETARIAL TRAINING COLLEGE
29 GROSVENOR PLACE, S.W. 1.

This well-known Training offers an excellent opportunity to educated girls who, leaving school or college, wish to prepare themselves for a Secretarial Career.

References:

The Viscountess St. Cyres. The Viscountess Pirrie.
The Countess of Desart. The Countess Dowager of Mayo.
Mrs. Samuel Courtauld. Claude Montefiore, Esq.
Messrs. Wainwright, Pollock & Co., Solicitors. Messrs. Lewis & Yglesias, Solicitors,
and many others.

Full prospectus on application to:—

MRS. HOSTER, F.I.S.A., F.I.P.S.
St. Stephen's Chambers, Telegraph Street, E.C. 2.

Telephone: Metropolitan 2811 (*4 lines*)

Branch Office: 48 BROADWAY, S.W. 1. *Telephone: Victoria* 5589.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, DUPLICATING, ETC., UNDERTAKEN AT CITY AND BROADWAY OFFICES.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU FREE TO EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE.